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The Week

THE German National Socialist (fascist) and Nationalist delegates have left the Reichstag in Berlin, which is now enabled to function more smoothly without their obstructive opposition. Why they should have done so is a mystery, unless they are planning a revolutionary action, like setting up a rival parliament to challenge the Weimar Constitution. They have left the national sounding board; and they have given up any power to challenge the activities of the government except by revolution, express or implied. If they come back into the Reichstag after this dramatic gesture, any confidence in their leadership must be undermined. It is inconceivable that they should have planned to crawl out on a limb and cut themselves off. For this reason the news from Germany should be watched with anxiety. We do not believe the German people are yet ready to support a revolutionary fascist movement which invites European war. If one were imposed upon them, it would probably bring a Communist reaction. The power of the more moderate parties to prevent one or the other of these extreme alternatives rests, first, on their ability to extract from the Allies and the United States a revision of reparations and other injustices of the war settlement, and second, on a revival of trade and industry.

THE Spanish people seem at last on the point of collecting the bill for many years of misrule by King Alfonso and his satellites, of whom the most conspicuous and one of the worst is General Berenguer. The underground revolutionary activity has once again flamed out; and while the dispatches from Spain give a confused and partial picture, it seems clear that Alfonso's virtual dictatorship of the past year is definitely at an end. Now or in the near future, the scheme of things will be so altered that the King will henceforth be of negligible importance, if indeed the monarchy is continued at all. Other drastic reforms are also necessary: greater autonomy must be given the provinces, the huge estates should be broken up, Spain's medieval system of education modernized, and women rescued from a position which is not much better than they have in India. Alfonso, despite his appealing personality and his up-to-dateness in unimportant matters, has been the chief obstacle to progress in Spain. This week's news indicates that whatever his future position may be in theory, in fact his influence will no longer count.

ONE week after his speech in New York in which he defended the present Central American policy of the United States, Secretary Stimson made an announcement which seems highly inconsistent with that policy. He announced that the Marines are to come out of Nicaragua, beginning immediately and ending not later than after the Nicaraguan election of 1932. Those who have been engaged in the futile guerilla warfare against General Sandino —two-thirds of the entire force—will leave first; the remainder will be occupied for the next few months in drilling new recruits for the enlarged native constabulary. We have believed from the beginning that the military occupation of Nicaragua —which is what it amounted to—was a mistake, and we rejoice that it is to come to an end. At the same time, we feel that it was a logical outgrowth of the recognition policy which Mr. Stimson defended a few days earlier.

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THE United States refuses to recognize a new government in any of the Central American republics (except Panama), if it has come into power by force. So tremendous is our influence that no government can survive in the chill shadow of our disapproval. Our policy means, then, that we compel the people of these republics to submit to a government satisfactory to ourselves, and to replace it in the elections with another of the same sort, whatever may be their own wishes. Under the circumstances, such a government inevitably becomes a mere tool of our policy, and it is not surprising that American bayonets are required from time to time to bolster up the tottering presidential chair. We wish we could believe that President Hoover and Secretary Stimson, who have been known to change their minds with cataclysmic suddenness, had done so again; and that the withdrawal of the Marines will be but the first step in a process of disentangling ourselves from Central American affairs where our good intentions have resulted in such sorry failure.

PROGRAMS for drastic economic change continue to pour forth. The latest to attract attention is contained in a supplement to The Week-End Review, the organ of a number of the more radical British intellectuals among the three parties. While we have not seen the text, news dispatches indicate that it proposes a five-year plan to integrate British industry by means of a series of trusts which shall have the status of public utilities, but shall be self-governing, as far as the political state is concerned. In this respect it appears to be a capitalistic version of guild socialism. The manifesto warns against both the policy of drift into disaster, when the need is for a reorientation of economic affairs, and the policy of protection, which, it notes, has failed in the United States. International group buying is proposed, to match group selling, as inaugurated under such agencies as the Canadian wheat pool and the Federal Farm Board in the United States. And the whole endeavor must rest on activist peace policy, which seeks close relations with both the United States and Russia, and pushes disarmament. We shall await with interest the fuller details which are necessary before a judgment can be ventured. On the face of it, however, this program is significant because it furnishes another sign of the hold which the conceptions of planning and control are taking on the thought of the world.

THE United States Treasury Department, which controls imports into this country, has a sense of morality nicely balanced among the various pressures from private business interests which are brought to bear upon it. The domestic lumber interests wanted an embargo on Russian lumber and pulpwood; the users of lumber, and the paper manufacturers for whom pulpwood is a raw material, did not. The former group has won; the Treasury has suddenly decided that Russian lumber is produced by "convict labor" and has clamped down an embargo. The Treasury of course has conducted no official investigation in Russia; it was only a few days earlier that the State Department refused to permit agents of the American government to go into Russia and study the question, on the perfectly absurd ground that the Russians (who need our goods almost as badly as they need a continuance of peace) would stand these Americans up against a wall and shoot them! In so far as the embargo is caused by anything else than the desire of American and Canadian lumber interests to hog this market, it is based on stories about conditions in Russia told by anonymous officers on lumber ships or "escaped Soviet officials" who talk to newspaper correspondents in those highly unreliable cities, Helsingfors and Riga.

IF THE American government did investigate the conditions under which Russian timber is produced for export, what would it find? We do not know; but we offer in evidence the letter from Mr. Danishevsky published on page 49 of this issue. Mr. Danishevsky is the chairman of "Exportles," the official agency of the Soviet government, which handles all exports of lumber. He states flatly that "not a single standard of timber exported from the Soviet Union is produced otherwise than on conditions established by collective agreements between the trade unions representing the workers and the state timber-producing trusts." This is true, he adds, as regards not only the felling, but also the preparing and loading of timber. The workers have an eight-hour day, and guaranteed, specified conditions as to food, etc. Their wage last year was double the pre-war rate, and it is to be still further increased. And despite all the clamor, Russian exports of timber have not yet reached the normal pre-war quantity, while other countries have increased their exports from 30 to 50 percent. Mr. Danishevsky does not say categorically that no political exiles are being used in this work; but he certainly presents a picture markedly different from the one usually given us from sources hostile to the U. S. S. R., of half-starved, ragged creatures driven by whips to work intolerably long hours, presumably for no pay whatever. His statements support the view that the action of the Treasury Department is based, not on facts about the Russian production of lumber, but on general dislike of the Soviet system plus a desire to save our market for timber interests operating on this continent.

IN THIS aim, the embargo will no doubt be successful. It will hamper our large and growing export trade with the U. S. S. R., by making it harder for the Russians to obtain the necessary credits here. It will increase the business of other countries with the Soviet government, and particularly that of Great Britain and Germany. Finally, and a point of some importance, it will hasten the final destruction of all the forests of the North American continent, already only a few decades away.

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This development has more than a sentimental significance. Evidence accumulated by United States government experts and others shows that the average rainfall is very much greater above a heavily wooded area than one which has been denuded of standing timber by the methods of the American lumber and pulpwood producers. In this eagerness to hurt the Russians, Assistant Secretary Seymour Lowman of the Treasury may be helping to bring about future repetitions of the drought of 1930.

THE judgment passed upon Magistrate Jean H. Norris by hangers-on at Women's Court in New York City was that she was not crooked, but incredibly innocent. Her testimony at recent hearings before Referee Samuel Seabury seems to show that she simply did not know where judicial integrity begins or ends. She owned stock in a bonding company which furnished bail to many of the prisoners who appeared before her. She altered the record of cases she tried before they were appealed to a higher court, and she did this in order to hide her own brusque orders to lawyers for the defense. Under all circumstances she believed the testimony of Vice Squad men, because they were "sworn officers of the law," and, in her unbelievable naïveté, she "never knew there was a stool pigeon." She was, moreover, the most severe of all the magistrates who sat in Women's Court: of the 5,502 women who appeared before her, she convicted no less than 85.8 percent, including God knows how many who were innocent of prostitution. Since she was arrogant, ingenuous, self-willed, self-satisfied, rich in moral advice to interviewers and poor in mercy to the prisoners before her, her case will no doubt be used as a scarecrow to frighten people from electing or appointing women magistrates. But this argument is a notable non-sequitur; her faults are not confined to her sex. The general level of women magistrates is still high enough to suggest the advisability of appointing others.

THE Seabury investigation besides revealing the record of Magistrate Norris, has lately uncovered two new methods by which the Vice Squad preyed on the people it was hired to protect. One was known as the nurse racket, the other as the rooming-house racket. The first consisted in using a stool pigeon like Meyer Slutsky, Harry the Greek or Louie the Dove to frame a nurse employed by a prosperous physician. The physician would then be told that the case could be fixed if he paid $1,000; otherwise his own practice would be ruined. Usually the money was handed over. The rooming-house racket was more complicated. A police stool pigeon would hire a room, saying that he wanted it for himself and his wife. After a short absence, he would return to the room with a woman. Detectives would appear a few moments later, arrest the woman as a prostitute, and then bring the landlady into court on the even more serious charge of keeping a disorderly house. The landlady had only two ways of keeping out of jail: either she could pay the police the money they demanded, or, if she was a good Democrat, she could appeal to the Tammany district leader—thereby obtaining a partial redress from the same system which had threatened her with prison. The Vice Squad men were certain in either case of retaining their profitable assignment. The law of New York State, by making it a simple matter to convict any woman of prostitution, had put all women in their power; and, as the investigation continues, it becomes clear that they did not neglect this magnificent opportunity.

ALARMED by the fact that within the last six months nearly a hundred and fifty people have died from the effects of methanol wood alcohol, Commissioner James M. Doran of the Bureau of Industrial Alcohol has instructed government agents to exert every effort to prevent its sale under the representation that it is denatured alcohol. It is being used generally as an anti-freeze compound and millions of gallons have been placed on the market. Methanol is particularly dangerous because it is not only fatal when imbibed, but the inhalation of its fumes or its absorption through the skin may produce death or blindness. Powerful interests are behind its sale and it is perhaps because of this fact that the government has done nothing to restrict its general use except to issue public warnings. An attempt to control its sale has recently been made by the introduction of a bill in Congress forbidding the interstate transportation of wood alcohol. However, it is doubtful if the bill will be passed this session and it is therefore a foregone conclusion that before Congress convenes again, another one hundred and fifty victims will be sacrificed.

Mercenaries of Patriotism

FOR MONTHS the Republican machine in the House of Representatives has turned a stony face toward all proposals for federal relief of drought sufferers or the unemployed, except those carefully guarded measures favored by the President. It has been moved not at all by the reports of tragic destitution, being firmly loyal in principle to the conservatives' objection to anything which might be called a "dole," and in practice to the purpose of keeping income taxes down to the lowest possible point. Suddenly, and in a particular case, its sympathies have been aroused and its principle and practice have been shattered. Hearing that many World War veterans are in need, it has just decided, by a large majority, to hand out to them —to those who do not need it as well as to those who do—an amount of cash which will place a burden on the Treasury variously estimated at between $700,000,000 and $1,700,000,000. All the warnings of Mr. Hoover, of Secretary Mellon, of bankers and editors, have been brushed aside.

What is the reason for this curious *volte-face?*

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Are the sufferings of unemployed veterans any more appealing to sympathy than those of unemployed men who are either too old or too young to have served, or of unemployed women who never had a chance to fight? Are the veteran farmers and their families any nearer starvation than other drought-stricken tillers of the soil? Will dollars handed out to these unfortunates weigh any less heavily on the budgets of the big taxpayers than dollars which might have been handed out to others? Are veterans any less immune to "the demoralization of the dole" than are other sections of our population? Scarcely. The reason must be sought outside any gravity in the need or superiority in character of the beneficiaries.

An obvious difference is that the veterans are organized and are in a position to demand what they want, with a threat of reward or punishment at the polls. The unemployed are not organized; the farmers of the drought regions are not. The politician knows an organization as far as he can see it; he uses organizations to get himself elected; he owes debts to them which he cannot ignore. Yet the mere fact of organization is not sufficient to account for the irresistible influence of the veterans in getting and cashing bonuses, contrary to the determined opposition which this course arouses in powerful quarters. The membership of the veterans' organizations is not unduly impressive; they can muster nowhere near so many votes as may be cast in the next election by the uncompensated sufferers. Labor has a sizable organization, but all its threats and promises do not greatly move the Republican machine. The country is full of organizations, but most of them cannot have their way with Congress if people like Hoover, Coolidge, Mellon and the rest say no.

The power of the veterans' organizations to demand federal grants lies chiefly in the fact that they are the mercenaries of patriotism. These bodies were founded, and are nourished, on the idea that they form a special and favored group in the community, who know better than others what service to the country demands, in time of peace as well as in time of war, and who have a superior right to enforce their requirements. It is their function to denounce and recommend exclusion of savants like Albert Einstein, when such persons rashly betray pacifist tendencies. It is their function to demand virtually unlimited appropriations on armies and navies, to search out and punish persons who recommend changes in our political and social order, to serve any cause which may be favored by reactionaries. They are part of the social complex which includes the D. A. R. and all witch-hunting bodies. Their vested interest in patriotism has been allied with many of the other vested interests in the nation. These ideas, of course, were not spontaneous among the veterans themselves; many individuals who saw service would vigorously repudiate them if they had the chance. The veterans' organizations have been used for these ends by others who want a sort of American *fascisti* with which to discipline the nation. And now, when many veterans are in want, they present their bill. The Republican congressmen are shrewd enough to see that the bill must be paid. Mercenaries are worthy of their hire. Veterans who are left in want might leave the reservation and join others who are in want. If discontent is to arise among those who are not relieved, at least the veterans must be held in line for possible emergencies.

The veterans are not to be blamed for getting all they can, especially when the need is as genuine as it is now in many cases. The whole nexus of ideas which has been fed to them since the War is such that it would never occur to them that society has a duty to plan against general misfortune. It would seem absurd, in their minds, to suggest that true patriotism consists in attempting so to organize society that all those who are willing to work may at least be guarded from starvation. The veterans have been led to think they are a privileged class. If they were now to demand a grant from the Treasury, not merely for themselves, but for the other sufferers from natural and social calamities, they would not get very far. They are doing exactly what is reasonably to be expected of them, in the circumstances.

It is, of course, unhealthy that any group should be encouraged to regard themselves as permanent pensioners on the State, regardless of their individual needs. It is more than ironical that a government which persists in failing to establish reasonable machinery for dealing with unemployment like a national system of labor exchanges, and which persists in regarding as a dole unemployment benefits, paid out of a fund to which workers and employers contribute, should turn about and give an enormous sum of money to a large number of men for no better reason than that they once wore its uniform. But we suggest that this is merely a logical development in the progressive decay of our civilization under the ideas and personalities which dominate it. A government obsessed by fear of doing anything to change an order which is productive of such widespread misfortune must be prepared to buy off the more energetic among the unfortunate.

The Hog-Tied House

"HOG-TIED" is the description members of the House of Representatives have applied to themselves, "their hands tied and their feet shackled" under its present rules. By means of the rules, Speaker Longworth, Majority Leader Tilson and Mr. Snell, chairman of the House Rules Committee, have substituted their decision for action by the House. Up to the closing weeks of the session, the "triumvirate" was able to hold off measures for relief against hunger and epidemic in the drought areas, for government operations of

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Muscle Shoals power, for the elimination of lame-duck sessions and lame-duck legislators, for the suspension of railroad consolidations until the Interstate Commerce Commission can be given control over them. "The big steering committee," as Representative Blanton in one of his milder phrases called them, have by means of the rules achieved a veto power over the legislative output of the Senate. This led Senator Robinson, leader of the Democratic minority, and Senator Norris, to refer to the House as the "morgue." The members of this "autocratic triumvirate" represent three of the 435 congressional districts—part of Cincinnati, part of New Haven County (Conn.) and four upstate New York counties. These representatives of a handful of wards, towns and counties can and do defeat the wishes of the nation—so long as the present House rules remain.

Under those rules, each of the three processes of legislation is within the strangle hold of the House leaders. They can prevent its members from getting the facts on which to base their judgment, from debating those facts, and from voting on pending bills. The argument for legislation by goose-step has been based on the ground that unlimited debate is impossible in a chamber of over four hundred men and women. It has no application to the other stages of legislation. The first stage—getting the facts—has traditionally been accomplished, both in this country and in Great Britain, by committee hearings. The House, when it is permitted to do so, has its hearings under the direction of subcommittees of half a dozen to a dozen members. This machinery is as readily usable by a large as by a small chamber. As for the casting of votes, it takes no more time from the business of the House than punching a time clock does from the working hours of a factory.

In preventing hearings, the House leaders have deemed it necessary to go to extremes. A recent example relates to present payment of veterans' adjusted-service certificates. Over fifty bills to effect such payment were introduced by almost as many members. The Congressional Record overflows with supporting petitions from Legion posts. It must be said for the rulers of the House that they were audacious in exercising their autocratic powers on such a subject. They refused a hearing before the Ways and Means Committee, to which the bills had been referred. Its chairman refused to permit a member of the Committee to make a motion for hearings. He disregarded the signed petition of a majority of the Committee for hearings. He refused to answer the question of a Committee member, during one of its sessions, as to his decision on the petition, saying it was not a proper parliamentary inquiry. This was at once denounced on the floor of the House, as carrying "the gag rule to the very limit" and giving committee chairmen "autocratic power . . . even to the point of not permitting you to test out the wishes of the committee."

An effort was made to get a vote on the subject, by the submission of a motion signed by over one-fourth of the entire House membership. They could not get a vote on this, still less on the bill to which the motion referred. Various devices are employed to prevent votes. The Senate resolution to end lame-duck sessions was kept, for months, in the legislative abattoir officially known as "the Speaker's table." Mr. Longworth's action was so flagrant that Senator Norris introduced in the Senate a resolution calling public attention to the matter, and the only defense made was that of Senator Fess by an equivocation which was immediately exposed in the full view of the assembled Senate.

Senator Norris is the author of another measure on which the House has not been permitted to vote. Repeated efforts have been made to bring up his Muscle Shoals bill. "Several times we have thought," said Representative Crisp of Georgia, "that the House was going to have a vote, but, lo and behold, it vanishes in smoke. . . . There is no way that this House, even if three-fourths of the members desire it, can get it done unless the triumvirate . . . is willing to bring in a rule dealing with it. You cannot move. You are impotent." The instrument through which the administration has blocked the Senate bill for Muscle Shoals is a lame-duck, Representative Reece of Tennessee. Mr. Reece, the only congressman publicly endorsed by President Hoover in the last campaign, was endorsed for his opposition to the Norris bill, and was defeated on that issue.

The House oligarchs, this winter, have been obliged to resort to more frequent and furious use of the whip. They have had to do it for Mr. Hoover's sake. Senate attacks on his politics have been more aggressive, and at the same time his House support has grown lukewarm. In this crisis he resorted to the desperate expedient of a House dictatorship. It has precipitated a revolt, avowed since the middle of January. Members have openly charged that the present situation is worse, as Representative Sabath of Illinois said, than in the "old days of Cannonism." Threats have been made, on the floor of the House, that the fight will be carried to the home districts of the big three, who remember that Uncle Joe Cannon was finally defeated at home. Rebels dramatized the conflict over the radio. The fight cut across party lines, and Wets and Drys, Republicans and Democrats, demanded revision.

The House autocracy has begun to yield ground. Horrified earlier in January by the Senate's proposal of a $15,000,000 loan to drought-stricken farmers for food, the leaders would not let the House membership be contaminated by a vote on the matter; but before the month was up, they had granted committee hearings on the subsequent Senate proposal for a $25,000,000 gift to buy food for those farmers. Even Chairman Hawley of the House Committee on Ways and Means, who was

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deaf to questions and motions by committee members on the subject of veterans' adjusted-compensation certificates, at last announced that hearings would be held, and finally permitted it to be understood that a bill might be reported.

Concessions have been due to various pressures. For present payment of the bonus certificates held by war veterans, there has been the pressure of large bodies of voters. For some other purposes, there has been the threat of an extra session. But more threatening still has been the fact that it will soon be possible for a comparatively small number of Representatives to negotiate for changes in the present rules. The fat Republican majority established in the House by the Hoover landslide of 1928 goes out of office, as a result of the Hoover debacle of 1930, on March 4. In the next Congress the triumvirate will probably have to permit changes in the rules, or will have to be much more cautious in using them for autocratic power. In either event, the receivership of the House will come to an end, and can no longer postpone bankruptcy of the President's power over that chamber.

Great Britain and "the Dole"

IN VIEW of the misunderstanding of the British unemployment-insurance system, and the abuse which has been heaped upon it by uninformed commentators in this country who are opposed to any systematic method of compensating those out of work, it is not surprising that official British spokesmen have risen to the defense of their country in this respect. A recent release from the British Library of Information in New York, protesting against current aspersions on the system, has received singularly little attention in our press. It deserves far wider publicity.

In the first place, the release objects to the use of the opprobrious term "dole" as a description of the unemployment benefit, paid out of a fund to which the recipient has contributed. We do not say that a person who gets insurance payments against accident or fire is being demoralized by a "dole," even though the sum of his premium payments do not equal his indemnity. As the document states, "the term 'dole' is freely used to induce prejudice, and it conveys an unmerited reproach to those who are unfortunate enough to be unemployed."

It is not true, moreover, that "a soft-hearted Parliament has arranged to provide a comfortable living for anybody who did not care to work." In normal times, nobody can receive a benefit who has not paid in at least thirty contributions during the preceding two years. It is true that during the abnormal industrial readjustments following the War, as is pointed out in Mr. Leo Wolman's review of the books on unemployment insurance by Sir William Beveridge in this issue of The New Republic, the British State has used the unemployment-insurance machinery to distribute relief which could not be paid out of the insurance fund. But this is not of the essence of the scheme, and in the future the work of poor relief is likely to be sharply differentiated from insurance proper. The benefits, in any case, do not afford a comfortable livelihood, but are "definitely less in amount than the general laborer's rate of wage." And benefits are payable only if the claimant cannot find work with the aid of a comprehensive system of employment exchanges, and then only under conditions which effectually bar out malingerers or those out of work through some fault of their own.

The administration of the law is such as to make virtually impossible the receipt of benefits by those who won't work. The Blanesburgh Committee, whose chairman was a distinguished jurist, and which represented all parties, made an exhaustive investigation of charges of maladministration, and reported in 1927 that they were practically without foundation.

Nor is it true that the recipient of the benefit is demoralized by it. "The men who draw unemployment benefit are not shy of work, they are only too anxious to get it; it is not unknown for them literally to fight for it." The total number of unemployed does not, year after year, represent the same people. "The success of the exchanges in the direction of finding work for the unemployed may be gauged from the fact that last year they filled over 1,500,000 vacancies."

Is it too much to ask that those who discuss British or German experience with this measure take the trouble to inform themselves about it? Any newspaper writer or politician who begins by talking about "the dole" immediately disqualifies himself, as a prejudiced and ignorant witness. Mistakes have been made in both countries; both have been subjected to unexpected stress in dealing with their unemployment problems. But in neither is there any substantial opposition to unemployment insurance. And charges that the British and German unemployed are being demoralized by the benefits they receive are so far from the facts as to be grotesque.

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Continental Highway

Milage

SEEN FROM behind a windshield, the highway stretches westward in lazy curves. One's arms relax on the wheel, the elbows hugging it gently, the fingers ready to stiffen at the threat of danger. Automatically the left foot fumbles for the clutch, then sinks back to the floor. The right foot presses the accelerator as a ribbon of figures moves across the face of the speedometer: 40—50—55—58—60. The eyes, fixed on the road ahead, are confined between ditches twenty-one feet apart. There are brown fields somewhere outside the focus of one's vision; somewhere behind fences cows ruminate in the shade; the life of a thousand households is hidden by rusty screens. The motor steadily roars. Interminably the road unwinds, like a surveyor's tape, like wire from a spool, like trout line cast from a reel across still water.

In the near distance, toward the end of a straightaway, there is another automobile, a black dot traveling westward at fifty-five miles an hour instead of sixty. It seems motionless, a goal to be attained and passed. Its movement is transferred to the landscape, which now flows backward at the speed of a furious river, or, more exactly, at fifty-five miles per hour. One's own car, to eyes fixed on the other, moves like a man on foot; then, with the accelerator pressed to the floor, it is like a man running toward the moment of crisis. The moment comes; hands are tense on the wheel, eyes straight ahead (slow, slow: wait for these eastbound cars to pass in a rush of wind; slow: here is a curve . . . a blind hill . . . a straightaway at last). This is the instant of danger overcome, of triumph that lasts till the appearance of another westbound car, another adversary, another goal to be left proudly behind at five miles an hour—or is it sixty?

Speed in the end is tiring. Imperceptibly, as the hours pass, one slows to fifty miles on concrete, to forty on macadam, the gait of transcontinental travelers. The eyes are still focused on the road; part of the brain is focused on the road; the rest of it has almost ceased to live. This state of fixation, of absence, of lowered consciousness, is the goal which drivers seek on every highway. It is a state of freedom from ideas, ambitions, worries; a state in which the brain itself is a machine, more delicate than the other machine which it controls, yet no less automatic. The brain is perhaps more subject to error, but that is a fault which may pass with the generations. Those brains which misjudge centrifugal force at curves will some day be eliminated. Those which indulge in revery, in abstract speculation, will be buried in ditches under the wreckage of the machine which they resembled too little. The surviving brains will react precisely to precise situations: they will revolve like flywheels, slip forward and back like well oiled clutches, and, at the sight of danger, will expand positively and internally like four-wheel brakes.

Pennsylvania: The Homestead

Traveling at fifty miles an hour, eyes fixed on the road itself (except when they turned to scan the signs that read "Danger Curves," or cryptogrammatically "US22W," or alluringly "5c CHICKEN DINNER 5c"), uncertain of geography, but sure of the figures on the speedometer and determined to leave behind me three hundred miles before nightfall, I happened to pass through my own country, the village where I went to school, the woods where I gathered chestnuts, the farm where I spent the first years of my life. Farm, woods and village were all bisected by a transcontinental highway, newly constructed, a traffic artery for interurban furniture vans and for the motor buses that roar from coast to coast.

The village had shrunk and weathered like an old man in the sun. The church, almost paintless, stood crazily at the edge of a deep cut. The houses seemed smaller; they had lost their lawns and most of their trees. The general store, which I remembered for its enchanted barlow knives, its bolts of calico, its jury box (a polished plank supported by nail kegs, where you listened to tales of good crops and incredible fishing), but especially for its counter of stale delicious candy—the store, empty of clients and hangers-on, stood like a prisoner guarded by two red gasoline pumps. The school had disappeared. I knew that a larger school had been built near by, that there were really more houses than before, that the village was foreshortened merely by speed; but the feeling of sadness persisted. To stroll back and forth between the school and the store had once been the business of an idle half-hour; now, in a moment, store and church and houses were out of sight, and we were driving along the brush-grown hillside which had been a chestnut grove.

My grandmother's house had lost the two locust trees that sheltered it from storms ("They're better than lightning rods," she used to say). It stood white and ungainly, with one of its corners jutting almost into the road. Strangers lived here: if we knocked at their door, they would not understand our visit. But two hundred yards beyond the farmhouse, at the edge of the hill, we stopped, climbed the bank of raw clay, and sat leaning against the trunk of a disconsolate pine, the last of a score which had clustered there. Eastward we

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could see the road till it entered the village; westward we could follow its uncurving line across the creek and up the hillside till it disappeared into the sun. It was not so much traveled as it will be next summer, when it is better known; but already, if watched through half-closed eyes, the cars that passed seemed to form an unbroken file, a parade of foreign victors.

There is something friendly about a bad road. It adjusts itself to the landscape, curving round a knoll, slanting into a valley, preserving a midsummer coolness in the depth of the woods and, when it skirts a farmhouse, providing warm baths of dust for the hens that scatter as you pass. It must be traveled slowly, with pauses at a spring to drink or on a hilltop to enjoy the view. A concrete highway has no respect for the countryside. It cuts through the richest farmlands; it reduces the hills to a 4-percent grade; it marches through valleys on a level mound of earth; always it is designed for distance and high speed. Belonging not to townships or counties, but to the nation, it is a long tentacle of the metropolis.

Sitting above the highway that late afternoon, I tried to think of its effect on my own country, where I was now an alien tourist. In desperately hard times, with the mines closed down, the sawmills standing idle, the crops halved by drought, it had furnished work for hundreds of men. It might have furnished work for hundreds of others, if they had all been employed for eight hours a day, instead of working ten or twelve hours, seven days a week, in order that the job might be finished on the contract date. The contract date was past: a score of men, perhaps, were leveling the ditches or placing roadside markers and warnings; the rest had been laid off. Grocers' bills had been paid for the summer; new tires had been bought for second-hand automobiles; the children had their school clothes; what would happen now?

A few men would be employed in the upkeep of the road, but they would be very few. The concrete highways under construction in different parts of the state would furnish work for others; these would be lost to my country forever. Shortly the roadside would break out in a longitudinal rash of hot-dog stands, gasoline stations, tourist camps. Here, too, would be work for a few, but my country would profit little: it does not produce small fruits, roasting ears, crystal onyx caves or Hitchcock chairs—the indigenous products that most appeal to motor tourists. Its roadside stands would sell imported articles—ice cream from Johnstown, frankfurters from Pittsburgh, gasoline from Texas. Its farmers would profit not at all.

Instead they would suffer from the introduction of new standards, new forms of competition. When I was a boy, they lived practically without money. They raised enough hay, buckwheat and rye to carry their cattle through the winter. They raised wheat—not much of it in this mountain soil, but enough for their year's supply of flour, which was ground by water power at the White Mill, on the creek below our farmhouse. They paid the miller in grain; and when they carried butter and eggs to the general store, they were given credit against their year's supply of calico, shoes, overalls and chewing tobacco. They were, it is true, marginal farmers—but what was the difference so long as nobody told them so?—so long as nobody convinced them that they were obliged to raise a money crop?

The road brought money standards along with it, and higher taxes. To the few products of my country, it brought competition from other districts where they can be raised more economically. It left the farmers with nothing to depend on but the sale of their timber—a crop which matures once in a lifetime—and of their coal, which matures once in ten million years. It will bring some money into my country, five cents here for an ice-cream cone, fifty cents for changing a tire; but it will carry most of the population eastward or westward to the cities that lie in its course.

It would carry me eighty miles westward that afternoon. . . . First grinding our cigarettes against the black bark of the pine till the last spark died, we scrambled down the bank, started the car, rode swiftly across the valley. The creek, under the new embankment, seemed strangely shrunken, I could not tell whether by drought, or by the height of the bridge, or by the new straight course in which it was forced to run, or merely by comparison with its place in my memory. Its name was printed in yellow letters on a blue sign. No one who crossed it in my boyhood would have needed a sign to tell him that this was the north branch of Blacklick Creek. Leaving the gleam of water behind us, we climbed the long slopes of Chestnut Ridge by easy grades, passing the Strongstown school, the ruined church at Buttermilk Falls, the stone house at Nolo. In fifteen minutes my countryside had vanished; in fifteen minutes we were speeding through other villages, past other hills and valleys, toward landscapes that would exist for us only in terms of milage, of gasoline and oil consumed, of figures creeping across the speedometer.

Dixie

South of the Ohio, you buy your gasoline from the Standard Oil Company of Louisiana instead of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana. It costs more, the Kentucky tax being higher. The roads are rough till you cross the border into Tennessee. The rivers are narrower, greener, deeper; perhaps the finest streams on the continent. The villages abound in Dixie Tourist Homes and Dixie Service Stations. Fish Fries are everywhere announced in Dixie Kitchens. There is the clatter of hoofs on a wooden bridge as an old Negro drives into town, the spokes of his buggy revolving eccentrically in the sunset. Men on muleback, long, sallow, dyspeptic, silent men, trot by the roadside in single file.

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The one-story cabins swarm with children, some white, some black, all barefoot; the boys in ragged overalls, the girls in sun-faded cotton prints. Chickens are settling to roost on the wrecks of mowing machines; turkey buzzards soar above them; the fences sag; hogs leisurely root among the bitterweed. At intervals you glimpse an old brick mansion standing windowless among its oaks. Mansions were reared from this soil when it was richer and its yield more profitable; they grew among the tobacco fields in the years when the industrial system weighed lightly on this land; today it raises only mortgages and two-room cabins. Yet the manners of an earlier day survive, giving a sense of foreignness to the Yankee tourist who intrudes from another century. In the Dixie Kitchen, the waiter who brings you fried chicken, hominy and, thank God, unsweetened cornbread, refuses to take a tip. The old Negro who misdirects you to Bowling Green stands deferentially mumbling, hat in one fleshless hand, cane in the other. You are "folks" to the boy at the Dixie Service Station—"folks" being plural, common gender, of "mister" and "ma'am." Twenty miles from the Ohio, you are already 'way down South. You're in Kentucky, mister, sure as you're born.

Wasteland

Everywhere the fields were the color of old straw matting. The weeds in the fencerows, even, had shriveled like rose leaves in an album. Except in the shaded gullies, there was not a blade of green grass in all the vast landscape. A fire was burning somewhere in the second-growth timber, with a haze of blue smoke over the mountaintop. A little whirlwind of dust, shaped like a horn of plenty but empty within, moved over the ground that was being harrowed for winter wheat. The cows had gathered under the yellow-green maples; some of them nibbled the grass roots, some lay dispiritedly; their ribs showed. The streams were pools of stagnant water under the willows. An empty watering trough still bore a notice explaining that the spring from which it used to be filled had been inspected by the state department of health and found to be safe for drinking purposes. "Big Stillwater Creek" was the name, I think, of a watercourse so dry that even the moss had turned to powder and blown away.

At the general store where I stopped for a package of cigarettes, the proprietor could not change a five-dollar bill. Three farms, along with their stock, implements and household furnishings, were advertised for sale at auction in handbills tacked to the wall. Across the street the ice-cream parlor was closed: he wouldn't sell city-made cream, the owner explained, and they wa'n't enough milk in the country to make his own. That was last October, near Belleville, Pennsylvania, in the center of a farming district as rich as any in the East.

In southern Ohio, the look of the fields varied from county to county, depending on whether there had been late summer showers; but everywhere the streams were lower than they had been for a lifetime. In Tennessee, the rains had come in time to save most of the tobacco crop, but the corn was ruined and there would be no hay to carry the stock through the winter. In the Shenandoah Valley, through which I passed six weeks later, the autumn rains had not yet fallen in early November. The great barns, which carry the atmosphere of Pennsylvania far into that portion of the South, were almost empty of hay. In the barnyards, cattle milled about the dwindling strawstacks, which, in a good season, would be used only for bedding. An old man told me that fodder hadn't been so scarce since Sheridan raided southward from Harper's Ferry and boasted after his passage that a crow crossing the Valley would have to carry his own rations. "The crows ain't none too fat this fall," the old man said.

South-central Pennsylvania, central Tennessee, the Shenandoah Valley: to mention these names is to call up the picture of fat farms, of prosperous farmers. They are among the richest agricultural lands in the country, and they are also among the districts most impoverished by a drought that has lasted since early spring.

The statement can be carried even further. Within these districts, the richest farms are those which have suffered most: their owners are bankrupt, their tenants starving. The poorer independent farmers, those who till what is known as marginal land, have learned to know hardship as their next-door neighbor: his face no longer frightens them. When the crops fail, they merely run a little farther into debt and patch the old overalls instead of buying a new pair. When there is no grain to give the hogs, they can be turned into the woods to feed on beech mast: the bacon will be leaner this winter, but the flavor better. For a progressive farmer, however—one who tills rich land by modern methods—a crop failure is disastrous. He is a business man who has borrowed new capital from the bank; he has bought modern machinery and signed a note, two notes, a dozen; he owns blooded cattle too valuable to butcher, which eat as much in the worst years as in the best. He has listened to the prophets who tell him that the only solution for the farmer in an industrial age is to be an industrialist on the land, to increase his investments, to adhere to the highest standards of living, to follow the latest fashion in money crops. Bad business comes and he is in difficulties; a drought follows and he is ruined. The marginal farm remains a marginal farm; the best land in the East is in many cases the land that is being abandoned by its owners. And—I thought as I crossed the shrunken Potomac into Maryland—how much more of it will be abandoned next spring, after the milch cows have been sold for beef, the tractors and binders seized by finance corporations, the notes and mortgages allowed to go unpaid?

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The Return

East of Harrisburg, the road passes through what seems to be a continuous city—a succession of towns and villages separated by farms that dwindle in retrospect to vacant lots. There are speed limits, traffic lights, state troopers on motorcycles. Ten thousand families are taking the Sunday-afternoon drive that will partially digest their Sunday dinners. Their automobiles—and they favor two-door sedans so that the children can't open the door and fall out of the back seat—cluster for company like travelers in a desert: there will be a caravan of five or six cars, perhaps of twenty, with the slowest driver always in the lead; and then, in its wake, will be a mile of road occupied only by one straggler desperately trying to overtake the others.

Reading is a maze of detours and traffic lights. Allentown and Bethlehem are a long boulevard that leads toward the Delaware. Twilight spreads imperceptibly as we cross the river into Jersey.

Here the character of the highway changes once more. It is wider, straighter, a long band of concrete, and it is filled to capacity with vehicles returning to New York. The motor caravans have grown in size till there is no longer more than a hundred yards of open road between them. Within each caravan there is confusion: cars passing and repassing while their lights waver against the face of the opposite hill. Cars westward bound go past with a hissing sound, like air escaping from a valve. Occasionally the whole procession is halted: one can be certain that there has been an accident somewhere ahead. Three minutes pass: horns blow angrily; once more we set out toward Manhattan.

At forty miles an hour we sweep through Jersey villages of which nothing is visible except the white church steeple. Now there are street lamps overhead: are we in Bound Brook, Somerville or Plainfield? These towns of the Jersey flatlands are one long nameless street, along which the traveler, in a semi-conscious state of fatigue, goes speeding toward the Holland Tunnels. The traffic becomes denser, mile after mile, as our highway is joined by others. Suddenly we are driving through dark marshland on a boulevard as wide as the Cumberland River.

Here all the streams of travel, northbound and eastbound, local and transcontinental, have silently joined together. The Lincoln Highway, the Benjamin Franklin Highway, the Lee Highway, the National Road, the Northern Pike, all have contributed something to these three lanes of traffic which move, fender to fender, across the Jersey marshes. A river of iron from the Mesaba Range, of rubber from Malaysia, of hardwood from the Kentucky hills, glass from Pittsburgh and cotton from Texas, flows steadily toward the city where iron, hardwood, cotton are all exchanged by paper symbols. It is not so much a river: it is an army of metal bugs with eyes that gleam in the darkness, with legs hidden under their carapaces, and with souls indicated by the cigarettes that glow somewhere inside.

The drawbridge over the Hackensack has been raised for the passage of a tug and eight barges.

The river ceases to flow; the army of insects huddles together and comes to a halt. After a moment, the motors are switched off. And then, in the vast silence that ensues, at last one hears a human sound, a reassuring cough.

Malcolm Cowley.

Drought

Field Reports from Five of the States Most Seriously Affected

I: Mississippi

A MISSISSIPPI RIVER levee broke near Mound's Landing one April night in 1927, and flood waters poured through the crevasse, inundating millions of acres of Mississippi farm lands and driving thousands of persons from their homes. Secretary of Commerce Hoover personally directed relief activities, making several visits to the afflicted area, and a generous nation contributed lavishly through the Red Cross, appeasing hunger and helping in rehabilitation. Ample food, shelter, clothing and medical attention were available for all.

The scorching heat of drought has laid waste almost all of Mississippi, affecting far more persons in 1931 than did the flood four years ago. Its coming, however, has been quiet and slow, without sensation or glamor.

The American Red Cross was feeding on February 11, in meager quantities, more than 150,000 drought-stricken persons in Mississippi. This number represents more than 30,000 families of small farm owners and tenant farmers, made helpless by the drought. No one knows how many more families are slowly starving. Twice this number are dependent upon outright gifts or extraordinary credit facilities for rehabilitation. The federal government, through its drought-relief loan tied up in endless red tape, is helping; so are independently organized credit associations to the extent of their limited ability.

Red Cross aid did not come until January. Neighbor had cared for neighbor before then, out

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of their own dwindling larders, until all resources had been exhausted. The state government of Mississippi has done substantially nothing. Governor Theodore G. Bilbo declines to call a special session of the legislature, because the members will not sign promises not to impeach him or his official family.

Crop failures, bank failures, merchant failures—all of these have demoralized credit facilities. More than 23 percent of the banks of the state have closed their doors since the drought arrived. The struggle for crop finances is made in face of a policy of state officials to minimize conditions.

The Red Cross had permanent organizations in only a few of the eighty-two counties, but in all the others it has set up temporary organizations through which meager relief is administered. There is no centralized relief organization in the state. If an accurate survey of suffering has been made, it is not known when it was done or by whom.

Mules, through government-aid loans, fare better than human beings through Red Cross relief. The mule is allowed $8 per month for feed; a family of six in Bolivar County, a typical illustration, receives $11.67 worth of groceries for one month. These prices are based upon local retail quotations. The human ration is fixed locally, Red Cross national representatives declare.

The Red Cross plans call for aid until March 1. Efforts to shift the burden by that time are being made. The Red Cross believes that help should then be extended by homefolks, its representatives explain. Crops cannot be harvested until early fall. Gardens will come in by May. Federal drought-aid loans are for four months.

Somehow and in some way, these thousands of persons must receive help for several months—or they will starve.

Jackson. JOHN B. HUDSON.

II: Kentucky

Though the sun has been shining bright on a great many old Kentucky homes, it is extremely doubtful if you could have found a Kentuckian who would sing that fact with any real feeling during the past year. For the end of this month will make it exactly a year since the drought began, a year which has dried up practically all the wells, brooks and springs; which has left the soil parched, ruined crops, and forced nearly eighty thousand persons to accept charity from the Red Cross until a new crop is harvested.

The drought began after a season of unusual promise. The weather was mild and pleasant and vegetation flourished. January and February had produced more than a usual amount of rainfall, but it dropped far below normal during subsequent months, and in three of them all previous records for low rainfall were broken. In fact, everything about the weather during 1930 was remarkable. The winter had unusual mild spells alternating with unusual cold, the temperature in certain sections falling as low as 20 degrees below zero. In August the temperature ran as high as 114, while the low humidity, often falling to sixteen, withered the crops as if they had passed through fire.

Kentucky's geology makes for a quick drainage over a big area. There are extensive alluvial plains, rolling plateaus and mountain ranges. The water supply comes mainly from streams, with here and there ponds where cattle can be watered. However, many of these streams, and even springs in certain sections, dried up for the first time in recorded history. The Ohio and Kentucky Rivers were prevented from disappearing by means of locks and dams, which staved off water famines in the towns along them.

Nevertheless, many towns throughout the state are entirely dependent upon districts many miles away for their water. This is especially true of the section near Louisville, where only fifteen inches of rain fell in eleven months, though the normal rainfall is forty-three. Thus, Shelbyville, thirty miles east of Louisville in fertile Shelby County, has been entirely dependent on the trainload of water which it has been receiving every day since last August. Lancaster is without water and is dependent on delivery by truck. Lexington, in the heart of the state, laid a water pipe line six miles to the Kentucky River, but the town has been obliged to place its citizens on short water rations. Richmond, east of Lexington, has a limited supply.

The hardship of those dependent upon streams and ponds for their water was also aggravated because, owing to the low level of the water in the ponds and the sluggishness of the streams, the water froze at unusually high temperatures, thereby making it even more difficult to procure water. In many cases the water level in the rivers became so low as to curtail the operation of hydroelectric power plants. This, of course, has affected railroads and factories, aggravating the difficulties resulting from the depression.

What the losses amount to in dollars and cents it would be difficult to determine, though the Department of Agriculture has estimated that the crop losses amount to $85,000,000. This, however, does not include cattle losses caused by forced sales which set new low price records. Various agents have estimated, moreover, that it will require a decade fully to recover from the effects of the drought. At any rate, there is no doubt about the fact that the Red Cross is feeding 80,000 penniless people. Probably there are 250,000 more who are suffering from hunger and want, but who have not yet found it necessary to cast themselves upon the mercy of charitable organizations.

Louisville. J. L. ESCHRICH.

III: Missouri

Though Missouri is receiving considerably less aid than Arkansas and Oklahoma, it is nevertheless true that at the present moment the Red Cross is

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feeding and clothing 70,690 poverty-stricken people. This is full-time relief and does not include those who are receiving part-time assistance from local agencies.

The sections most seriously affected by the drought are those in the southeast, where cotton is the crop, and the tier of counties in the Ozark region on the northern border of Arkansas. In a number of towns and rural communities throughout the southern part of the state it has been necessary to feed the children to keep them in school, doctors have long given their services free, and merchants have strained credit to the point where it has almost become charity. It is estimated that before the situation is materially changed, there will be at least 100,000 persons entirely dependent upon the Red Cross.

The Red Cross has nine paid workers in Missouri, and it is estimated that there are a thousand volunteers who are giving full-time service. It is the latter, of course, who are doing the actual work of distributing food and clothing. While the Red Cross declines to give any figures on the cost for individual states or sections, a rough estimate, based on the cost of feeding a family, would put the total amount spent in Missouri at between $450,000 and $500,000. As elsewhere in the drought-stricken area, the Red Cross, pending operation of the ponderous federal machinery for feed loans, is feeding livestock. Pellagra, too, has been a problem, and the Red Cross is furnishing yeast as a preventive and is giving free medical service where necessary.

Relief work in Missouri did not begin until December, and at first only a comparatively small number—2,000 to 3,000—were given aid. The increase was rapid during the early part of January. In the sparsely settled Ozark region, truck gardens were almost a total failure. Cutting railroad ties has enabled the hill people to get by when crops have failed in the past, but now there is no demand for ties; great piles of them standing unused along every siding. Natives of the Ozarks have no other source of income.

Certain towns in the southeastern part of the state, such as New Madrid and Caruthersville on the Mississippi, in the cotton-growing section, have been reduced to a state of absolute poverty. New Madrid's fate is ironic, indeed. It was overwhelmed by the floods of 1927, and had just begun to recover when the drought came along. For ninety days not a drop of rain fell in the town and surrounding country. The nation-wide depression served to close down the few small factories there.

In southwest Missouri there was recent evidence of a condition that is probably aggravating the situation in many rural areas. A Negro schoolhouse was burned at Grayridge, in Stoddard County, and a merchant in the town received a threatening note, warning him to discharge the Negro employees on his farm. The sheriff of the county explained that several such threats had been received. He believed the anonymous letters came from white farm hands who had left the community for better pay in the city five or six years before and now were returning, out of work and broke, to demand their old jobs back.

It is hoped that planting will begin in southeast Missouri even before March 1, considering how far advanced the season already is. But there can be little hope of relief by means of truck gardens until April 15. It is possible, however, that before this time some form of federal food loan may be worked out, through the dubious device of mortgages on potential crops.

St. Louis. MARQUIS W. CHILDS.

IV: Alabama

In Montgomery and Crenshaw Counties men may be seen plowing sage-covered fields which have not been under cultivation for several years. Similar scenes are to be observed at the moment in other sections of Alabama. Those so engaged in the abandoned fields are mostly tenant farmers, either dispossessed on account of unfavorable crop conditions of the past season or "let out" from jobs temporarily acquired in some of the new industrial plants of the state.

In Alabama the average farm, which consists of 76.4 acres, is operated on a narrow margin; consequently, a drought of any proportions or an unfavorable price trend usually results in agricultural failures attended by more or less unemployment among farm workers.

This year unemployment among agricultural workers is particularly acute. The farm-labor supply, expressed as a percentage of the demand, was 110.6 for 1929; during 1930 the percentage of the supply as compared with the demand reached 167. The people ploughing the sage fields represent a part of the labor surplus. Many of them lost their rented shacks on some bankrupt farmstead earlier in the winter. In desperation, and naturally regardless of the present overproduction of cotton, they are seeking to retain a somewhat nominal independence. Wishing to avoid becoming public charges, they urge their plows into the drought-marked soil to plant more cotton.

In Alabama 58 percent of the farms are tenant-operated. Always precarious from the point of view of the transient class of tenants, these farm areas are at present harboring many families which lack the necessities of life. While complete figures are lacking for the whole state, a rather reliable estimate has placed the number of destitute families in Coffee County, representing a typical area, at 500. To aid the people in this single county, the Red Cross is planning to add $2,000 to three local public funds and several individual gifts, the total of which has not been determined.

Though the farmers of the Coffee County section, in south Alabama, have not entirely recovered from the Pea River floods of three years ago, their

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condition is much better than that of the farmers in the northern part of the state. The Red Cross considers that the destitution observed in Limestone County, on the Tennessee border, demands a larger relief fund than is needed in any other county of the state. The drought of last summer was worse in the Tennessee valley sections than elsewhere in Alabama. Madison, Colbert, Lauderdale, Lawrence and Morgan Counties are the ones most affected.

In spite of the drought, Alabama produced about 1,495,000 bales of cotton in 1930, as compared with 1,342,000 bales in 1929. The increase in production, however, was not sufficient to compensate for the decline in the price of spot cotton to 9.90 cents at Montgomery in November, this being the lowest price reached during the last ten-year period. Curtailed industries have released numbers of workers but recently drained from the hills and farms; localized relief agencies find that a large majority of their cases are of rural origin. January and February are usually rainy months in Alabama. This year, however, there have been no general rains in the state for the past three weeks. With the soil thus unprepared for spring planting, a prolonged continuation of the present winter drought would seriously handicap the Alabama farmers during the approaching season.

CLARENCE E. CASON.

University of Alabama.

V: Arkansas

Although the drought and the consequent disaster to farming became apparent late last summer, when crops began to wilt under a hot sun, the magnitude of this disaster, when associated with the general business depression, was not realized thoroughly until just before Christmas, last year. The produce which had survived the drought suddenly became exhausted. Farmers were shocked when they realized that for the first time in the history of the state the land was as barren as a desert and the banks and business men unable to offer relief.

Cotton withstood the drought better than any other crop, of course, since cotton is a dry-weather plant, but the yield was greatly reduced and the price sank almost to half of what it was in the previous year. When the proceeds from a light cotton crop were used up, the farmers were destitute.

The Red Cross has expanded its organized relief campaign gradually, until now more than half a million people are receiving food. In some counties clothes and feed for livestock are supplied by the Red Cross. The latest totals announced by the Red Cross show that 519,000 people are being fed by the organization. The allowance is small, but has been sufficient to keep families alive, and the Red Cross has aided local civic organizations in providing soup or hot lunches for undernourished children in public schools.

Farmers became temporarily insolvent. They could not repay loans at the banks, nor could they pay the merchants who furnished them with supplies during 1930. The banks have been forced to collect the interest on loans wherever possible and renew the loan. They are not in position to make new loans and merchants are not in position to resume their credit business to farmers.

This condition affected agriculturalists alike. Once prosperous farmers are no better off than shiftless and lazy ones. It is estimated that 90 percent of the farmers in Faulkner County, near Little Rock, own and operate small farms, grow their own foodstuff, maintain chickens and dairy cows and practise diversified farming, and yet conditions in that county are just as bad as they are in others. These farmers are carrying on with patient hopefulness. Most of them are humiliated by the necessity of asking for help. In some sections they are keeping a list of the supplies furnished them with the intention of repaying the Red Cross. In many mountain communities they reach the verge of starvation before they accept food.

Gardens soon will provide food for the people and there will be green grass for stock, but vegetables will not suffice as food for the farmers all summer. To some extent, it appears certain, the Red Cross must continue relief until cotton is gathered. The expense of relief, however, will diminish. Many farmers will obtain credit from merchants later in the season. Others will make loans through the Intermediate Credit Bank.

If business conditions improve generally, normal agricultural conditions will prevail here sooner than many expect them. The 1931 crop will be the cheapest ever made and diversification of crops will be general. Farmers will not be caught again with empty cellars and bare feed pens.

Little Rock. FLETCHER CHENAULT.

VI: What the Government Is Doing

These five reports, written by four responsible newspaper men and one educator, tend if anything to understate the crisis in the South. They do not cover some of the regions hardest hit by the drought—Oklahoma, Tennessee, southern Ohio, western Virginia—yet they show, nevertheless, that the situation is far more desperate than is admitted by officials in Washington. What is the government doing about it?

Government aid, so far, has chiefly taken the form of a $45,000,000 drought-relief fund, to be disbursed as loans to responsible farmers who have not the money to buy seed for their spring planting. These loans are to be secured by first mortgages on the crops to be harvested in the autumn. Admirable enough in principle, this form of relief is proving almost useless in practice, because it conflicts with the system under which Southern crops have been grown since the Civil War.

Small farmers in the cotton and tobacco regions

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—the farmers most in need of loans—are usually in debt from April till November. Often they are in debt from one year's end till the next. Before planting their crops they borrow—from a bank if they are rich enough, and otherwise from landlords or "furnishing merchants"—enough money to buy seed, corn for their mules, and food and clothing for their households. As security they give a mortgage on their crop. The system won't work this year: the banks have too many frozen loans to advance new credit; the landlords are bankrupt or nearly so; the furnishing merchants haven't yet been repaid for last year's supplies. The government is not taking their place.

The government is not offering supplies for the year; it is leaving this task to private charity. The government itself is offering nothing but money enough to buy seed, fertilizer, fodder; and, in return for this limited loan, it is demanding what the banks and the furnishing merchants asked for a much bigger one—a first mortgage on everything the farmer raises. It is leaving him without any security on which to request loans for his family's food and clothing; in fact, it expressly forbids him to apply for any other loan upon his mortgaged crop. His only remaining resource is the none too adequate assistance furnished by the Red Cross.

The government, moreover, imposes all sorts of conditions upon the farmer asking for aid. He must give a carefully itemized account of the exact sums he will spend on the various products he raises, plus the exact amount needed for tractor fuel and oil and work stock "for actual farming operations." He must tell his age and condition and give itemized lists of his children, his livestock, his equipment, his total indebtedness, his crops raised in 1929 and 1930, the dealers through which they were sold. He must swear not to use the money for anything but seed, feed, fertilizer or tractor fuel. He must take a pauper's oath that "because of encumbrances on my real estate and personal property I am unable to procure" help from any other source. And he reads that if he violates the provisions of the application—that is, if he gives a bushel of seed corn to his starving children—he will be fined $1,000 or jailed for six months, or both.

Even then, he is not certain of procuring the loan. His application must be passed on by a local committee, which may or may not choose to certify that he will make every effort "to return the money loaned to him" and that the government is justified in making the loan. This certification must be recertified by a county committee, which adds a note on the farmer's general reputation. Finally, his application goes to Washington or to Memphis, Tennessee, where it is either granted or denied. . . . And how does this system work in practice? In Lee County, Arkansas, there are 5,500 farmers, practically all of them in desperate need of money. Exactly twenty-two have qualified for a government loan.

Though the compromise drought-relief measure has just been approved by Congress and an additional $20,000,000 will be available for advances to farmers for other purposes—said to include food, though food is not mentioned in the bill—this money, too, will be loaned, not given, and presumably it will be loaned only on the best security—that is, to the farmers and merchants who have not been bankrupted by the drought. Once more, in its anxiety to escape "the un-American system of the dole," the government is falling into the curious American system of advancing money to those who need it least. To the others it says, in effect, "You are too hungry; therefore, we can't give you food." M. C.

Balance Sheet of the Five Year Plan

This is the second of two articles by William Henry Chamberlin describing current economic conditions in Russia. The first, "Russia and the World Crisis," appeared in The New Republic of February 18.—THE EDITORS.

IT IS DOUBTFUL whether any act of the Soviet government from the first days of its existence has been more potentially significant than its decision in 1928 to adopt a five-year plan of national development. Every phase of daily life, every economic tendency in Russia during the last two years, has been shaped by this decision. That this huge experiment in projecting for years in advance the mines and factories, the schools and houses, the power plants and motion-picture theaters, that are supposed to serve the needs of a hundred and sixty million people is of world-wide educational importance is scarcely open to question.

It would be a great mistake to regard the Five Year Plan as a blueprint for the millennium. Anyone in Russia or abroad who imagines that at the end of the five-year period the country will miraculously cast aside all its hardships and difficulties is inviting a severe disillusionment. What is really important in the scheme is not the period of five years, which was selected more or less arbitrarily because it was considered that during this time a number of big enterprises could be completed and because Russian agriculture averages one bad year out of five, but the idea of planned exploitation and development of the national economic resources and industrial plant.

The date set for the end of the Five Year Plan

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has already been changed twice. First it was set for October 1, 1933. Then the slogan "The Five Year Plan in four years" was adopted, so that the date was automatically moved up to October 1, 1932. Then a change was made in reckoning the Soviet business year, which was counted from January to January instead of from October to October. So the present date for the completion of the *piatiletka,* the Russian name for the Five Year Plan, is December 31, 1932.

The Balance Sheet

Now it is already clear that neither December 31, 1932, nor any other date will witness the simultaneous completion of the projects of industrial output, wage and price levels, agricultural crop yield, industrial and railroad construction, etc., worked out in such exhaustive detail in the three volumes which contain the text of the original Five Year Plan. Some things have developed more rapidly, others more slowly, than the computations of 1928 anticipated.

For instance, it is very probable that the output of oil in 1931 will reach or exceed the figure of twenty-two million tons prescribed for 1933 by the first draft of the *piatiletka.* On the other hand, the Soviet wage earners will be very fortunate if by the end of 1932 they regain the standards of real wages and salaries which prevailed in 1927, even though money wages may have substantially increased. The widespread introduction of a rather meager rationing system has confounded all the glowing promise of the Five Year Plan about a steady increase in the material wellbeing of the toilers, expressed in a simultaneous increase of wages and reduction of prices.

About the only proposition that observers of all schools of thought and sympathy in the Soviet Union today might agree to accept is that the Five Year Plan has proved a dynamic agency for changing rapidly the conditions of life in the Soviet Union. Whether the change is for the better or for the worse depends largely upon what standards one employs for judgment. In drawing up a balance sheet of the Five Year Plan, based on the experience of the last two years, I should be inclined to list the main favorable items, from the Soviet standpoint, in the following order of relative importance:

(1) Extension of the planted acreage and harvesting of improved crops of grain, cotton, sugar beets and other crops, mainly as a result of the widespread introduction of state and collective farming, combined with the mechanization of agriculture.

(2) Exceeding in most branches of industry the high figures of quantity output and new construction prescribed by the original Five Year Plan.

(3) The elimination of non-political unemployment.

On the other side of the balance sheet one would list, in the same way, the following negative results:

(1) Sharp deterioration of the general standard of living, especially in the field of food supply.

(2) Weakening of agriculture through the heavy decline in livestock.

(3) Failure in industry to achieve qualitative improvements corresponding with the quantitative gains.

I placed the improved harvest yield, reflected in the resumption of extensive grain exports for the first time in four years, first on the favorable side of the balance sheet, because agriculture represented the hardest nut to be cracked before the system of planned economic life could go into full effect. Obviously it was of little avail to make plans for industrial development and export if such an important source of food and raw material as agriculture remained outside the sphere of calculation. And it was difficult, if not impossible, to devise any system that would effectively determine in advance the output of twenty-six million independent small peasant producers. The difficulty was enhanced because the Soviet government lacked the most obvious and effective stimulus to increased output on the part of the peasants: an adequate supply of manufactured goods.

Socializing Agriculture

Under these circumstances it was inevitable that, side by side with the execution of the Five Year Plan, a scheme should proceed for the reorganization of agriculture on a socialist basis. This scheme went into operation in rather piecemeal fashion, with several jerks and swerves. One may summarize the main results up to date briefly.

The 4 or 5 percent of the Russian peasants who had reached something comparable with the status of the average western European peasant, the so-called *kulaks,* have been smashed with a ruthlessness which might be attributed with equal plausibility to Russia's traditional Asiatic indifference to individual suffering or to the revolutionary fanaticism that inspired the drive for the socialization of agriculture. In regions where collective farming included a large proportion of peasant households, the property of the *kulaks* was confiscated and transferred to the collective farms and they, sometimes with and sometimes without their families, were banished to concentration camps and places of remote exile, or driven out to unused land to make a living, if they could, with the few wretched animals and implements that were left to them.

This economic destruction of the most successful individual peasants was not the sole, although from talks with peasants I am inclined to regard it as the decisive, factor in convincing large masses of the poor and middle-class peasantry that no development was possible along the line of private ownership. The elimination of these best farmers inflicted heavy losses on Russian agriculture; and these losses would have been nothing short of catas-

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trophic if a constructive movement had not accompanied it in the shape of the organization of more than 20 percent of the peasant homesteads in so-called collective farms, and the simultaneous creation of a rapidly increasing network of huge state farms, equipped with tractors, combines and other large agricultural machines and averaging two hundred thousands acres each in size.

Success of the Agrarian Policy

The collective farms were also served by tractors so far as the government was able to supply them. Moreover, they possessed the further advantage over the typical small peasant homestead of having at their disposal the combined resources of their members in working animals and machinery and of holding all their land in one convenient piece (the usual Russian small peasant holding is divided into tiny separate strips). The state farms, too, demonstrated their productive possibilities during the last year. Despite the fact that the *kulaks* were almost completely eliminated as a productive force, despite the fact that many individual peasants, discouraged and confused by the changes around them, did not increase their planted acreage, or curtailed it, the increased amount of land ploughed up in the state and collective farms gave the country as a whole a 9-percent increase in planted acreage; and favorable weather conditions, which made possible a good crop, intensified the effectiveness of this gain. Curiously enough, American tractors, largely produced by the most individualist of capitalists, Henry Ford, furnished the heavy artillery that made it possible for the Soviet government to break the passive resistance of the more well-to-do Russian peasants, hitherto expressed in curtailment of the sown area. This made it possible to carry out to a considerable degree the socialist reorganization of agriculture which proved quite impracticable in the first years of the Revolution.

Under the new system, a group which may include scores, hundreds or even thousands of peasant families, pool their land holdings, working animals and machinery, and farm the land together, dividing the proceeds of their labor according to the amount and quality of labor performed. Peasants in the collective farms, as a general rule, retain personal possession of homes, gardens, chickens and smaller farm animals.

It would be premature to say that Russia has solved its agrarian problem; but at least the first difficult turn in agriculture has been successfully rounded and the predictions of famine and consequent political and economic collapse have not been verified. The other items on the credit side of the balance sheet may be discussed more briefly. The growth of general industrial output by about 25 percent during the year which ended on October 1, 1930, reflects a strengthening of the country's productive capacity, even though no immediate effects in relieving the shortage of commodities are visible. This is partly because the Plan aims at first developing the basic industries, such as coal and metal, which do not satisfy direct consumption needs, partly because the rising demands of some branches of industry quickly eat up the increased output of others.

The virtual abolition of unemployment (except among those classes which are designedly barred from state unemployment for political reasons) creates a contrast to the present situation in England, America and Germany which Communist orators are glad to emphasize. It is perhaps a little too soon, however, to be sure that the Soviet economic system has discovered a permanent cure for unemployment. Up to about a year ago unemployment in Russia was chronic and fairly heavy. Capitalist countries have also been known to reduce unemployment to very small proportions under two conditions, both of which exist in Russia. These are an intensive building boom and an inflation of the currency which, while it operates to lower the standard of living of the wage earners, makes it easy to finance new building and hence spread employment over a wider layer of the population. The Soviet achievement of "abolishing unemployment" must stand a test of some years before it can be considered definite and permanent.

The Red Side of the Ledger

The most serious item on the negative side of the balance sheet is the severe deterioration of the standard of living during the last two years. This is reflected not in a decline of money wages, but in the vanishing or diminution of the foodstuffs and manufactured goods which in most countries money can easily buy. Rationing of food was unknown in Russia during the early years of the New Economic Policy. Beginning with 1928, it has extended to a wider and wider circle of articles, until today it includes almost all the important articles of diet.

While the bread ration is adequate in the towns, consisting of two pounds a day for manual workers and one pound for other persons, butter, eggs and milk are either completely lacking or are sold in absurdly inadequate quantities (a quarter of a pound of butter or five eggs a month, for instance). Side by side with the rationed sale of food in state and coöperative stores there exists a small private market; but prices there are so fantastically high that workers and employees cannot rely on it to relieve to any considerable extent the deficiencies of the rationed supply. The shortage has gradually crept from one thing to another until it includes such comparative luxuries as chocolate, candies, cigarettes and wines.

The supply of manufactured goods is also far behind demand, and the police sometimes have to be called out to maintain order when shoes or textile goods are suddenly placed on sale. It would seem that the Five Year Plan, while concentrating on steel ingots, kilowatts of electric power and similar

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things, has rather overlooked the necessity for supplying the population with such humble but necessary things as locks, nails, brooms and soap. The last-named shortage is really quite serious from the standpoint of health and hygiene.

There are several explanations for the food shortage in a naturally rich agricultural country like the Soviet Union. One important contributory cause is the terrific destruction of livestock by the peasants; during the last year it has been estimated that the country lost almost half its pigs, almost a third of its sheep and almost a quarter of its cows. This was partly the despairing revenge of the "liquidated" *kulaks;* it was partly the reaction of the peasant masses to mistakes and excesses which were committed in the process of forcing collectivization. Exportation of food products to realize foreign currency and thereby obtain the wherewithal to pay for foreign machinery and equipment is another factor in the situation; and the effects of defective transport and distribution must also be taken into account.

The Russian Age of Steel

However carefully one may weigh the plus and minus elements in the Five Year Plan, it is difficult to be certain whether one's final computation is correct. Much depends upon the essentially incalculable element of cumulative strain which the deprivations of the last years have imposed upon the population. If the traditional Russian quality of endurance makes it possible to absorb this strain without drastic injury to the national health, morale and working efficiency, one will be inclined to grant at least a slight balance in favor of the Five Year Plan, if only because the combination of mechanization with collectivization suggests at least the beginning of the solution of a formidably double-barreled problem: that of the non-socialist peasant and of agricultural production.

The Five Year Plan has ushered in a new phase of the Revolution. Life has become harder, bleaker, more intense, more fanatical. The easygoing years of the New Economic Policy are gone. Many things in contemporary Russia which may seem puzzling and unrelated to an outsider are understandable on the basis of a tremendous effort to integrate the whole national life in terms of a passionate struggle to realize the dream of socialist industrialization which is symbolized by the Five Year Plan. Among such things one may note the growing insistence upon "class" rather than esthetic standards in literature and drama; the drive against religion (*piatiletka* is a jealous god that will brook no rival); the fierce hunt for economic traitors, or *saboteurs*.

The epoch of the Five Year Plan is inspiring or terrible, or both, according to the location of one's sympathies. It is an age of steel, an age in which Peter the Great, the ruthless innovator among Russia's Tsars, might have reveled.

Moscow. William Henry Chamberlin.

Washington Notes

Democratic Timber—Al, Roosevelt or Young?—G. O. P. Hopes and Fears—The Last Days of Congress

POLITICALLY speaking, one of the interesting things here is the attitude of the Republican party leaders toward the coming Democratic convention. Convinced, as nearly all of them are, of Hoover's renomination, they are enormously interested in who will run against him. Men in more or less close touch with the White House seem to believe that the Democratic candidate will again be the redoubtable Alfred E. Smith. No such suggestion comes from Democratic sources. On the contrary, close friends of the former Governor say that he has no idea of running again, that if the least danger of his nomination appears he will take effective steps to block it—all of which I think is entirely true. Nevertheless, there are those who believe that after a prolonged deadlock some eloquent delegate from South or West will arise and hurl the magnetic name of Smith in the face of the convention. A stampede, not altogether uncalculated, will follow and Al again will become his party's standard bearer.

Evidently the Republican organization leaders are hopeful that such a thing will happen. They believe that in the event of his nomination much the same "set up" and sentiment that enabled them to elect Mr. Hoover in 1928 would exist again. Though I believe in the reported determination of Mr. Smith to eliminate himself as a possibility, I also believe that if the Republicans' hopes were realized, they would find a very different sort of fight on their hands.

For one thing there would be no repetition of the break in the Solid South. As certainly as Mr. Smith lost Virginia, Florida, North Carolina and Texas before, just as certainly would he carry them if he ran again. The punishment inflicted upon Simmons and Heflin, the two most conspicuous party bolters of the 1928 campaign, ensures party loyalty, as every politician in the South admits. Moreover, the extraordinary growth of Wet sentiment in the great pivotal states such as New York, Illinois and Ohio, the business depression and the utter collapse of the Hoover myth would all contribute to a strength which Smith did not have before. In addition, Mr. Smith is still by long odds the outstanding and most popular Democrat in his party, having lost none of his strength since his defeat.

In brief, I think for the Republicans to hope for his renomination is another example of that unreal political thinking which the Republicans have been practising during the last two years. It is likewise typical of them that the man whose nomination they would regard as most menacing is Mr. Owen D. Young. The reason for this is clear enough. The Republican managerial mind always thinks in terms of the "business interests." For so many years has the Republican party been dominated by them, supported by them and elected by them, that the idea of entering a campaign without their help affrights and appalls every Old Guard leader. In Mr. Young they see the one man who, even with a return of a measurable degree of prosperity, could swing the most powerful element of the

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business interests over to the Democratic side. They see in Mr. Young a candidate for whom a huge campaign fund could easily be raised and whose nomination would close sources of revenue to the Republican treasury upon which it has always depended. It is curious how afraid they are of Mr. Young. For, despite the strong and very quiet movement in New York to bring about his selection, there seems almost no chance that he will be chosen. Not only would the power-trust issue stand in the way, but also Franklin D. Roosevelt.

It is all very well to talk about giving Governor Roosevelt several hundred votes for ten or twelve ballots and then having the convention go over Tammany's head and nominate Mr. Young. But conventions do not rise up and do things like that spontaneously—at least not in these days. The strategy would have to be carefully planned in advance and there is no doubt that such obviously ruthless treatment of Mr. Roosevelt by the financial factors in the party would create a considerable popular sentiment for him that would spoil the cutting edge of Mr. Young's candidacy. However, such is the idea now being cherished by some of the Democratic New York party potentates, who are disposed to refer to Mr. Roosevelt as a "Boy Scout." They are convinced that it would be a mistake to make the fight with him. Altogether, the outlook is for an exceedingly stimulating Democratic convention. For, unlike the last, there will be no foreordained nominee, and the balloting will last a long time.

Discarding the future for the present, the situation in Congress at this writing is somewhat less chaotic than seemed likely last week. This is due to the compromise in the drought-relief controversy which has enabled the Democratic leadership to retreat from the untenable position into which it was thrust by the ill judged ultimatum of the Senate Democrats. The veteran-relief proposal, by the time this piece appears, probably will be on the floor in both branches—it may even be in the conference committee. In the end, there is likely to be a compromise on this subject which the President can sign, though there is certain to be a bitter struggle before it goes through—particularly in the Senate.

The real fight, however, like all real fights, will be in the conference committee and, in this session as well as in the last, Mr. Hoover has the advantage there. The House will be with him and, backed by the weight of the administration, the House conferees will prevail. It will be a repetition of what happened last time in the matter of the debenture, the flexible provisions of the tariff, and the farm-relief legislation. In all these Mr. Hoover did not get exactly what he wanted, but in the main his was the victory. The best judges think the Veteran Compensation Bill will be molded into such shape that the alarm of Mr. Mellon for the safety of our institutions will be allayed and the bill approved. It will be, I think, a relatively moderate bill, but everyone recognizes it will be only a start. In the next session the demands of the veterans for full cash compensation will be renewed, and are almost sure to be granted. They always have been in the past and there seems no reason to believe they will not be in the future.

As for the special session, the shadow still hangs over the administration and, regardless of compromises and continuing resolutions, there will be no certainty on this issue until adjournment is a matter of hours rather than days. It is quite certain that some of the more vital of the appropriation bills will still be pending on the final day, which gives almost any disgruntled and aggrieved Senator a chance to talk them to death. It is not probable now that this will be done, particularly as the progressive leaders like Borah and Norris have no intention to filibuster. That fact, however, does not ensure against a filibuster by others. It can always happen.

Washington. T. R. B.

Spy's Report

THERE are educated New Yorkers who have lost the habit of theater going: they visit picture galleries, dine in new restaurants, go taxiing off to Harlem, listen to Sunday concerts over the radio; at parties they have other topics of conversation than the stage. I belong to this extensive class; and recently, when I attended four plays in a single week, my purpose was not strictly that of a dramatic critic. I could not hope to offer trained judgments on them, but merely a spy's report, sent back from a strange land.

I was lucky, people told me, in my choice of four openings. One was a drama portrayed convincingly by an actress I couldn't help admiring; another was a musical comedy vigorous enough to carry the audience along with it into a wholly fabulous Hollywood; another was a clumsy but interesting panorama of life among the hoboes; only the fourth was a wasted evening. It is enough to say of "Doctor X" that it has exactly the qualities of a bad detective novel, one of those sold for fifty cents in the United Cigar Stores.

"The Barretts of Wimpole Street" is a different matter. It tells the story of how Elizabeth Barrett broke away from her family, ruled by a household ogre, and eloped to Italy with Robert Browning. The drama in theory should center about Elizabeth's father, a simplified Victorian type, a man consumed with sadistic love for his three daughters and hatred for his six grown sons, a religious maniac who confuses himself with God and believes that anyone who disobeys his wishes is a monster of selfishness. His first entrance is carefully prepared; he has the final curtain (a weak one, incidentally); but, nevertheless, as the play is presented at the Empire Theater, it revolves about his eldest daughter, the poet. Katharine Cornell runs off with it.

The drama, by her interpretation, becomes a simple struggle between health and illness; between life, as represented by her love for Robert Browning, and death, as represented by the feverish tyranny of her father. The action portrays the slow triumph of health, from May till September; but the real climax is the end of the first act, when Elizabeth Barrett, after her first meeting with Browning, leaves the sofa where she has spent her waking hours for the last six years, and takes a dozen tottering steps toward the window to watch him striding down the street. Not until after the play is ended and the spell of her performance broken does one reflect that the personage created by Katharine Cornell has nothing to do with

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the author of "Sonnets from the Portuguese." What we have seen is a woman almost without sentiment or piety, a creature living fiercely on the margins of hysteria, grasping for happiness in this world and saying nothing of the next—a poet of New York and of the twentieth century. But the play suffers not at all from this anachronism.

"America's Sweetheart" was presented on the following evening at the Broadhurst, after a long tour of the provinces which gave it the slickness and speed so essential to musical comedies. It tells, in a sufficiently logical fashion, the story of a boy and girl who leave St. Paul together to make a career in the movies. The girl is starred in twenty productions, but she ceases to be America's sweetheart with the coming of the talkies. The boy, a failure in silent films, is a talking hero. They are united, of course: they meet in front of Grauman's Chinese Theater in Hollywood, at the world premiere of the Film of the Ages, and announce their private bliss over the radio to twenty million silent listeners. This is good satire, but theatergoers informed me that it had often been done before. They were impressed, however, by the rapidity of the piece, by its vigor, youth, good looks, good humor, but especially by its air of being a success, a focus for silk hats and ermine wraps, a good piece of business for the ticket brokers.

"Hobo" is not that. As presented at the Morosco Theater, it drags unprofessionally. The intermissions are long; the lights flash disconcertingly between the scenes (of which there are ten); things go bumping across the stage in the darkness. It was the mistake of Cleon Throckmorton, who designed the settings, to lose realism by making them too realistic—that is, too heavy and unmanageable. Yet the play presents an interesting character and one in whom you believe. St. Louis Blackie is a Nietzschean hobo, a tough egg who believes that he would succeed in any walk of life, if only he were willing to submit to restraints. He robs an amateur cowboy, outsmarts a railroad bull, meets a tender-hearted prostitute, ruins a revival meeting with a few frank words, gets himself in jail, escapes; and, as portrayed by Paul Kelly, he does all this convincingly. He also becomes sententious and sentimental, revealing that heart of gold you wish that every hobo hadn't.

About the four plays in general, what struck me most forcibly was the change in theatrical commonplaces, in underlying moral assumptions. In the days when I attended the theater more frequently, it was taken for granted that sin is what the preachers describe as sin, and that the wages of sin is death. This conception still survives in the movies, even though it has to be imposed on the refractory material brought to Hollywood by novelists and dramatists. On the stage, however, it has disappeared almost entirely. In "Hobo," for example, the assumptions were that evangelists are fat, conceited and self-seeking; that officers of the law are lecherous and crooked; that virtue exists only in parlor houses and side-door pullmans. In "America's Sweetheart," it was assumed that all men are on the make and all women on the loose—that is, till they have a man; afterwards their accepted purpose is to prevent him from being made by other loose women. "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" deals with other days and manners, yet the virtuous father is the villain of the piece and prayer is only a means toward fulfilling his designs. Even the author of the mystery melodrama, though his aim was to produce the baldest sort of thrills, felt impelled, nevertheless, to introduce a couple of off-color jokes, and to put them in the mouth of a female character. Some fifteen years ago the critics were arguing fiercely about the effect of the movies on the stage. Did anyone suggest at the time that the stage would be forced to appeal to an entirely different audience—different not only in years, education and economic background, but also in its standards of good and evil? M. C.

A Chaplin Masterpiece

IT SEEMS to me beyond question that in "City Lights" Charlie Chaplin has created one of his masterpieces. I do not know whether to rank it before this or after that; it is a completely organized and a completely created whole which exists for itself without question and without comparison. The immediate effect of the picture is that it is funnier than many things he has done and infinitely inventive; the second effect is that it is magnificently organized, deeply thought out and felt, and communicated with an unflagging energy and a masterly technique. Chaplin is the only artist whose pictures always give the impression of being created before your eyes, with this extraordinary result, that when you see them you cannot believe that they have ever been shown before, and that when you see them a second time you are constantly surprised and elated by their perfection.

Chaplin's "secret" is so plain that it seems an absurdity to state it; nevertheless, it is a quality which occurs only once or twice in a generation. He creates illusions out of the actual material in his hand. Whatever he touches becomes the image of something else, an image associated with emotions. In "City Lights," these creative impulses are almost always turned to laughter and the danger is always that we will be so affected as not really to see what is happening. There is one scene in which Chaplin is being entertained by a drunken millionaire, who pours a glass of brandy for each and then tilts the bottle so that it floods into the gap in Charlie's trousers. This is extraordinarily funny, but the underlining, which is the foundation of creative comedy, is Charlie's misconception of where the flood is coming from and his desperate endeavors to prevent his host from tilting the tiny cordial glass out of which, against all reason, he thinks the liquor is flowing. In the brief moments of this scene Charlie creates for us the character of the embarrassed guest trying to cover the *faux pas* of his host. A more obvious example of the same thing is when, impaled on the sword of a statue, Charlie tries to stand erect for the playing of "The Star Spangled Banner."

The impact of his comedy always comes in series. With the same drunken companion he enters a night club and in ten seconds recreates the entire comedy of "The Rink" as he skates across the polished floor. The moment they are seated a waiter hands them folded menu cards and Charlie and his companion rise as if to sing hymns in church. The expression of somewhat reluctant reverence at once creates the scene, which is instantly destroyed when Charlie's com-

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panion mistakes the napkin Charlie has tucked into his trousers for his shirt, and not only tucks it in again but turns him around to make sure that his back is *comme il faut.*

Throughout the picture this sequence of created moods broken by comedy continues. There is a moment of indescribable beauty at the very beginning when Charlie becomes aware of the fact that the flower girl is blind—an episode as tricky and as dangerous as could be imagined, done with an absolute purity of emotion, at the end of which the flower girl, filling a pot at a fountain, throws the dirty water aside—and into Charlie's face. The slapstick is perfect, but it rises legitimately out of the pathos of the girl's blindness.

A certain amount of publicity has made us look for things in a Chaplin picture which may not be there and has made it difficult for us to recognize the high spirits, the general dash, of his execution. The longest episode in the picture is that in which Charlie, in order to raise money to aid and cure the blind girl, has gone into the prize-fight ring. His intention when he started was to fake a battle for a split prize, but a substitute for his adversary has been found and he has to fight. It is as if no comic prize fight has ever been staged before. From the moment the bell sounds, Chaplin makes the referee a component part of the battle, a participant and a buffer. He executes one of his most delicate and exquisite dances behind the figure of the referee until he steps entirely out of the battle and assumes the position of referee while the other two go into the fight. No one who has ever seen a prize fight has failed to be annoyed somewhat by the third figure in the ring; no one but Chaplin has ever built on this feeling and made it part of an action.

The same thing is true of the rowdiest and funniest scene in the picture, that in which Charlie at a drunken party swallows a whistle in the midst of an attack of hiccups. The fundamental comedy is in the idea itself; whenever Charlie hiccups, the whistle blows. On this idea has been built a comedy including a very pretentious recital, the sort of thing one would be happy to break up at any party, and finally all the logical effects of the whistling when cabs, and even a full herd of dogs, answer the call. These are all the creations of an imagination which is energetic and full of life; and they correspond perfectly to the tone of the picture, which, for all its illogical premises, has more of life in it, more reference to our daily existence, than anything Chaplin has done.

There has been some question about the end of the picture. The blind girl has always assumed that her benefactor was a rich and rather grand person. When he comes out from jail, Charlie meets her, by accident, with extreme reluctance. He tells her nothing, but the further accident of their hands meeting, forces her to recognize him, and it is on this recognition that the picture ends. It is not one of those endings which constitute a new beginning. It is infinitely sad and altogether appropriate. For in this picture Mr. Chaplin has not for a moment suggested that our laughter hide our tears; only that at the end of our laughter there will be nothing but tears for the gayest of us. He has with his beautiful serenity calmly broken our hearts, and we are endlessly grateful to him for having done so.

GILBERT SELDES.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Position of the Progressive

SIR: In regard to the articles appearing in the issues of The New Republic for January 14 and 21, written by Edmund Wilson and George Soule, I want to emphasize a fact that seems to have been treated too lightly.

For many years economists and apologists for the capitalistic system have relied upon the expansion of industry through the exploitation of new inventions to guide them out of industrial slumps—a very natural attitude, since modern civilization is based upon machinery. But a clear and impartial view of the present situation does not hold any basis for optimism in this quarter. A brief survey of invention will show two trends, namely: new inventions creating new wealth on the one hand, and a gradual mechanization of industry on the other. The latter has shown no signs of abating, while the former has come almost to a complete stop—a phenomenon of revolutionary significance, since the acceleration of unemployment is enhanced to an even greater degree than before.

This becomes increasingly clear when one views the question from a physical standpoint. Transportation has already been taken care of through the invention of the automobile and the airplane, thereby creating a new industry and new wealth. There is no further advance to be looked for in this direction, for the perfection of the airplane would not create a new industry but merely displace something already existing. The phonograph and the radio have filled our desires for the creation of sound—refinements in this field will create nothing new except to simplify apparatus which we already possess. And television, when perfected, can only be classified as an accessory to the broadcast receiver.

There can only be one conclusion. We have come to the end of our capacity to absorb new inventions in so far as they relate to our physical needs. Future inventions can only be classified as refinements or replacements, no matter how ingenious. Wishful thinking will not alter this fact. It is a challenge that must be answered, not by pretty phrases or muddled politics, but by a complete orientation of economic thought.

Omaha, Neb. GRAYDON F. ILLSLEY.

SIR: Now you're talking! That starter by Mr. Edmund Wilson in your issue of January 14 is heartening news from the radical camp. I am confident that nothing but drastic change in the economic order, involving collective ownership, is worth considering in this day of organic and functional collapse of capitalism.

American progressives have been too liberal. American liberalism has been content merely to oppose wrongs and placate the wronged. Liberalism sits on the fence and protests like an old maid until the fight gets too warm and then falls on the side of capitalism. Liberalism has weakened progressivism and given aid and comfort to the reactionary forces. American radicals, particularly Socialists, need to be more revolutionary—overt, uncompromising and hell-bent for Utopia. They have been as impotent as Democrats and Christians.

I am a native American, born in the fastnesses of southwestern Virginia, and have never seen a Communist face to face. Nor do I have connection with any Communist organization. But I am of the opinion that the Communists, loaded up with Marx precept and Soviet example, are going to steal a march on American socialists, progressives and liberals unless more Edmund Wilsons wax bold. And I don't care if they do steal a march. If they have the vision and the vitality, they deserve the lead.

Under separate cover are two copies of my weekly containing things I have written down here in sedate Virginia. It may be flavorless in New York, but it is pepper and spice down here. It is red pepper to many. And yet you'd be surprised at the undercurrent of "Bolshevism" that prevails even in Virginia.

Mr. Wilson concludes with the statement that confident and bold speaking may find a public now. I think it will. But why not *create* a public? I believe you are getting on the right track. Congratulations.

Norton, Va. BRUCE CRAWFORD.

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SIR: Lenin probably wasn't far wrong when he described progressives as "muddle-headed intellectuals." As between Communists and Socialists, the former are distinguished by their audacity—no doubt due to the fact that hungry men are in a hurry.

As for an Ivy Lee to sell progress to the country, perhaps an industrial democratic People's party would do the trick. Nationalistic, capitalizing the public's patriotism, instead of vainly striving against it, with some such slogan as "America for the American People." With 87 percent of the nation's wealth in the hands of only 13 percent of our people, it is self-evident that some such movement as the slogan indicates is needed.

Why be A-1 in economics and zero in psychology? For instance, the radical claims that Christianity is interested in building up the Church while Communism is interested in building up society. Even if true, it would appear that the effective way to handle the matter is not by turning atheist but by out-Jesusing the Church.

Opportunism? Maybe. But it is sound psychology. It is because I love my country that I want to see her moving more rapidly toward industrial democracy—the solution of her people's problem. Patriotism means to guard your country's welfare. On that basis Gerard's list of fifty-eight rulers is certainly not patriotic, for look at the mess they have the country in now—want in the midst of plenty.

R. B. DAVIS.

Indianapolis, Ind.

SIR: Someone has defined communism as humanity stretched upon the Procrustean bed of statistics. Perhaps this note can be regarded as a piece of statistical material stimulated by your laudable articles in The New Republic.

My first item is a criticism. Why should liberals seek to "take communism away from" those ardent persons who are fitted by status and temperament for the enthusiasm and asceticism necessary in the holy order itself? I can think of several good reasons —but are any of these good enough, unless one really desires a remolding to bourgeois tastes?

Somewhere in another of your articles you defined an upbuilding function for radicals in terms of their aptitudes. You expressed contempt for those who had no knowledge of the way changes really occur and no patience (or time) to acquire the scientific techniques of control.

Surely American communism needs science; even if the Marxian outline be considered creditable, detailed information is woefully sketchy. What communist appeal interests the present workman? What misapprehensions merit correction? Would other available merchandising methods than the parade be more effective? Meantime, even such erudite radicals and proponents of this theory as Dewey apparently know so little of the Constitution that they think political reform possible. Why not specialize in the social sciences and see if they can't be popularized in terms familiar to the communists?

One more point: inasmuch as most modern economic doctrines admit that the characteristic state of capitalism is not a free market in equilibrium but the cycle, I doubt if this depression is Armageddon. All past experiences may be special cases proving nothing, but, with analysis, they indicate that certain internal expedients make for recovery. After a year of do-nothing but talk of psychology à la Aftalon and worse, people are applying these devices. One recent survey indicated that 50 percent of the laboring classes are out of work. Also, to use your own terms, there remains one more adventure that fascinates sentimental business men—stabilization (see Warburg, Industrial Relations Counsellors, Procter and Gamble, Dennison, etc.). This should either make the next big crash a wow, or definitely end large money-making in America, perhaps both. Regardless of the general validity of the surplus-value hypothesis, it is certain that a workman can produce more goods in terms of prices prevalent at the beginning of the depression than his wage will buy; not even Bethlehem officials could grow very rich without price fluctuations.

Der tag!

SCATTER GRAPH SPOT.

New York City.

Anti-Usury

SIR: Has it ever been brought to your attention that one of the greatest evils existing in our country today is the unjust treatment accorded people who borrow money?

Inasmuch as 85 percent of the people of this great country cannot and will not borrow from banks, although each family is required by emergency to borrow money once every two years, it is obvious that lenders of all classes and types are in the field either to assist or prey upon the army of borrowers.

The Anti-Usury Society of America, Inc., is attempting to point out the difference between the legitimate, licensed, well regulated and well run business that is not only a public necessity, but at times a public benefaction, and the unlicensed, unsupervised, grasping, voracious lender who takes his interest from the customers at terrifically high rates, endlessly.

It is our belief that the individual who finds it necessary to borrow a small amount of money for an emergency should be able to do so with as much self-respect as the industrialist who wishes to borrow a great amount of money for expansion of his business, and we further believe that the small borrower should have the same degree of service, the same amount of protection and as reasonable a rate of interest, compatible with the risk involved, as the large borrower.

There is a great diversity of laws in the many states covering the different types of lenders, but only a few of the laws have effect, for the most part being weak, unworkable and often inane. And with all the laws of all the states there thrives as great a group of bootleg money lenders as bootleg liquor dealers.

Most investigations have been spectacular but shortlived, and each investigation has been a question of "locking the garage door after the car had been stolen." Our method is one that protects the borrower before he has borrowed, not after he has been tied up in a bad bargain. . . .

WILLIAM ROOE SIMPSON,
General Manager,
Elizabeth, N. J. The Anti-Usury Society of America, Inc.

Material on Stephen Douglas

SIR: It is my expectation shortly to embark upon the writing of a biography of Stephen A. Douglas, with especial emphasis upon Douglas' decade from 1850 through 1860. I would be particularly gratified if any of your readers who happen to be in possession of manuscripts, letters, diaries or other unused source material concerning Douglas, Franklin Pierce, James Buchanan, Jefferson Davis in the fifties, or any other of the great figures of that period, would entrust them to me for copying and return. I will assure them of prompt reading and safe return.

GEORGE FORT MILTON,
Chattanooga, Tenn. Editor, The Chattanooga News.

Who Is Dreaming?

SIR: On page six of The Saturday Evening Post of December 20 appears the following quotation from Julius H. Barnes, chairman of the National Business Survey Conference:

> Business men instinctively, by reason, by observation and experience, oppose the entrance of government into the economic field. . . . They know that the only safe equalizer of supply and demand—the only prevention against cumulative destructive surpluses—is the control through the influence of free play of price, representing the informed and inflexible judgments of the world, made effective through trade.

What his words say is unmistakable to anyone familiar with the English language, though he uses fifteen unnecessary words in saying free trade, but this is the first time that I have known so notable a representative of American business to declare so explicitly that the business man opposes protection and advocates free trade. Am I dreaming or is he?

Escondido, Calif. W. J. MUSGROVE.

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A Translator Protests

SIR: Your book-review department has suggested that I summarize my objections to the review, printed in The New Republic of December 10, in which the style of my translation of Gunnarsson's "Seven Days' Darkness" was described as "vaguely reminiscent of Laura Jean Libbey." Very well, here they are.

A vague reminiscence has no place in so brief a review. Your reviewer should have confined himself to the utterance of definite and thoroughly explored impressions, not allowing his wits to go wool-gathering in the realm of vague reminiscence. That much was owing to the readers of his review. The translator, for his part, had a right to expect that so damaging a comment, if it was to be made at all, should have the appearance of being a carefully considered judgment. I have your assurance that the critic's procedure was less casual than it appeared, but I can see no excuse for even an affectation of carelessness when the judgment is one that clearly affects the professional standing of another writer.

It appears from your letter that the reviewer objected specifically to my use of some English words that were commoner fifty years ago than they are today. I can only reply that the language of Gunnarsson's characters is the language of the sagas; a highly colloquial rendering seemed to me inappropriate. People who know Iceland well have blamed me for using so blatantly modern a word as "taxi." There is more justice in this criticism than in the rather ill formulated stricture of your reviewer.

New York City. ROBERTS TAPLEY.

Forced Labor and Russian Timber

The following letter appeared in The Manchester Guardian, and is reprinted here because of the importance of the subject to the United States in view of the embargo against Russian lumber and pulpwood instituted last week by the Treasury Department. The letter is dated Jan. 29, 1931.—THE EDITORS.

SIR: Being in London on a temporary visit, I have become familiar with allegations against the export of Soviet timber which have found wide publicity in this country during recent months. I would ask you kindly to afford me some space in order that I may refute these allegations, which clearly emanate from political quarters hostile to the U. S. S. R., as well as from those timber-exporting interests in other countries which consider Soviet timber export a dangerous competitor..

These accusations endeavor to create in the mind of the public the impression that timber exported from the Soviet Union is produced by convict labor. This I can emphatically deny. As chairman of the Exportles (the organization controlling the export of the whole of the timber from the Soviet Union), I am in possession of the most complete and up-to-date information; and I am in a position to state that *not a single standard of timber exported from the Soviet Union is produced otherwise than on conditions established by collective agreements* between the trade unions representing the workers and the State timber-producing trusts. Neither in the felling and preparing of timber for export nor in the loading of it into ships is labor allowed on any other conditions than those based on voluntary contracts and collective agreements. The collective agreements which were in force last year assured the workers of a wage double that of pre-war days. Those for 1931 are now being negotiated, but it can already be stated that the timber trusts will agree to a further increase in wages. All these collective agreements provide for an eight-hour working day and guarantee the supply of foodstuffs and other commodities to the workers. This applies to workers employed permanently as well as to the more numerous seasonal workers, the number of which at the end of the season in February-March reaches 2,000,000. It is ridiculous to represent the enrolment of these workers as anything approaching compulsory recruiting, whereby workers from far-distant localities are forcibly driven to the extreme north. The influx of workers to the timber regions is a permanent phenomenon, which was as common in pre-war Russia as it is today, and is an important source of income to the peasantry of vast regions of the country. The only difference in this respect is that the wages and conditions of labor now are incomparably better than they were then.

No one can deny that the export of timber from a country which possesses the richest timber resources in the world is quite legitimate and natural. At present, however, the Soviet Union has not even fully reached the pre-war level of its timber exports, while the countries which compete against its timber exports have exceeded their pre-war exports by from 30 to 50 percent. Attempts to prevent the further development of Soviet timber exports cannot be in the interests of the world's timber market or the timber consumers, particularly in countries which, deprived of their own timber resources, must depend on imported timber.

It is interesting to note in this connection that when last year the import of Soviet timber was attacked, it was because there was no understanding with the timber importers in this country [England]. Such an understanding has now been reached, and is at present in operation. If in spite of this the attacks continue, it can only prove that our explanation of the underlying motives of the campaign is a correct one.

CH. DANISHEVSKY,
London. Chairman of the Exportles, U. S. S. R.

Violet Rays Will Save It!

SIR: In your issue of January 14 you comment upon the discovery by German doctors that "mustard gas" promotes the growth of hair and express doubt if any of the much-advertised hair tonics or systems of hair culture have any value at all. I have found that statement to be about 99-percent correct, but I would like to correct your evident opinion that once a man starts losing his hair there is nothing he can do about it.

All of my older brothers lost their hair early in life. I returned from the War at the age of twenty-four well along on the road to baldness. I studied every treatise on the subject and read every advertisement that offered a remedy. I tried at least twenty lotions, tonics or systems, but nine years later I was almost totally bald; there were just a few straggling hairs left.

I then went to a man who conducts a "system." I asked him why I was bald so young. He said that it was the shape of my skull. The temporal bones bulge out just under those arteries which run up over the ears to the scalp and supply the hair roots. By wearing a tight hat or steel helmet the arteries were pressed tight against the skull and became strictured in time. The hair died for want of blood. The hat should rest on the back and front of the head where there are no important arteries. I—and most men who are bald—got that way from wearing hats that rested on that bony structure just above and a little in front of the ears.

. . . He said the problem was to bring the blood back through those shrunken arteries to the hair roots. Lotions were useless because they did not penetrate to the roots. But the ultra-violet rays of a mercury-vapor quartz lamp had the power to draw the blood to the surface of the exposed part of the scalp. Those shriveled arteries would pop out to four times their normal size to permit the blood to be drawn through them, then in several hours they would contract again, but lack just a trifle of becoming as thin as they were. Every new exposure to the rays would cause them to become a little bigger and let more blood pass through them. . . .

I started his treatment three years ago. It consists in exposure to violet rays and massage. The rays constitute about 80 percent of the treatment. My hair is not yet perfect, but it will be in about another year.

I am not writing this to boost any system of treatment. I believe I could have gained the same results by wearing a proper hat, exposing myself to the sun (the cheapest and best hair tonic) and massaging the scalp. But if the public would know that baldness is usually caused by crushing those arteries going up to the scalp over the temples tight against the bone by ill fitting hats, baldness would disappear. If they knew that the direct rays of the sun have the power of bringing the hair back to life, those worthless tonics would disappear from the market. That information for some reason is not available to the public.

Belleville, Ill. LORRAINE EUGENE HARTOIN.

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Doles or Insurance?

Unemployment: A Problem of Industry, by W. H. Beveridge. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. 464 pages. $7.50.

The Past and Present of Unemployment Insurance, by W. H. Beveridge. Barnett House Papers, No. 13. New York: Oxford University Press. 48 pages. $.70.

AMERICAN experience with the depression and unemployment of the past eighteen months, if it has accomplished nothing else, has at least aroused widespread and sympathetic curiosity toward the actual operation of systems of compulsory unemployment insurance throughout the world. The spectacle of breadlines, private-charity drives and the public disbursement of relief in this country has acted to put a new face on our conception of the dole and has, indeed, raised the whole question of the soundness of all our methods for dealing with the unemployment problem in its various phases. Simple condemnation of the English or German schemes of insurance, we now see in the light of our own difficulties, has represented only a snap judgment on pioneer undertakings which we have not yet taken the time and the trouble to examine.

This examination of the British plan Sir William Beveridge has made for us, with unusual thoroughness and clarity, in Part II of his famous book on "Unemployment," in which he subjects the unemployment policies of England between 1912 and 1930 to a searching analysis, and in his Sidney Ball lecture, which he limits to a discussion of the changing principles and practices of the insurance administration. On both studies he has brought to bear his invaluable experience as a member of the British Civil Service until 1919, and his close and continuing contact with English economic theory and policy during more than twenty years. Those who desire an objective, critical and expert account of this vast experiment in the latest form of social insurance, and one which assesses fairly the strength and weakness of the system that has for twenty years prevailed in England, will find in these two books the most authentic and the most interesting study of the question yet published.

Unemployment insurance, like all great systems of social legislation, is the product of the original intentions of its creators and of the impact of changing conditions. It is Sir William's central point that legislative and administrative departures from the sound policy on which the scheme was first based were made particularly during the post-war period, and that it will be restored to soundness only when it returns to its own first principles. In view of the rising interest among Americans in proposals leading to the establishment of unemployment insurance in this country, it should prove helpful to review these developments and their consequences.

In spite of the very considerable discussion of compulsory unemployment insurance since its adoption in England in 1911, no one has succeeded in describing the essential features of such insurance schemes more satisfactorily than Sir Hubert Llewellyn Smith, who was in 1910 the Permanent Secretary of the Board of Trade. "The crucial question," he then said, "is whether it is possible to devise a scheme of insurance which, while nominally covering unemployment due to all causes other than those which can be definitely excluded, shall automatically discriminate as between the classes of unemployment for which insurance is or is not an appropriate remedy." To achieve such discrimination he held that the scheme must be compulsory, lest the bad personal risks predominate; that it must be contributory in order to enlist the interest of both employers and workmen and to limit the exceptionally bad risks by establishing a rigorous relationship between benefits and contributions; that there must be a maximum limit to the amount of benefit and that its rate should be relatively low lest the scheme itself encourage unemployment; that "a state subvention and guarantee will be necessary . . . in order to give the necessary stability and security"; that the plan must encourage the regular employer and workman and discriminate against casual employment; and that it must promote voluntary provision for unemployment.

The first British unemployment-insurance act of 1911, affecting about two and one-quarter million employees in the construction, shipbuilding and engineering trades, contained substantially these features. After the first year's operation, the Director of Labor Exchanges was able to report that

> compulsory state insurance against unemployment . . . appears to be administratively practicable. No insoluble difficulties have presented themselves as regards the definition and test of unemployment. . . . Compulsory insurance can be introduced without destroying voluntary insurance. The amount of voluntary insurance has, indeed, been enlarged rather than reduced by the compulsory scheme. On the larger question of how far the benefits of this scheme will go toward preventing distress from unemployment, in bad times as in good, judgment must for the present be suspended. . . . It is at least possible to look forward to the next depression from a new standpoint. The invested balance of the Unemployment Fund is £1,610,000, and will increase. The machinery for distributing the Fund is established. The depression that must come in due course will not find the country wholly unprepared.

During the years following this report, the unemployment rate, thanks to wartime prosperity, fell to unprecedented levels and the financial condition of the Fund continued to improve. More than a million additional workers were absorbed into the scheme in 1916, without apparently imposing insuperable difficulties on the administration. It was, indeed, possible to make a more sanguine report on the practicability of compulsory unemployment insurance in 1917 than in 1913. The serious problems of the plan began with the ending of the War, and they have, in one form or another, persisted throughout the post-war period of industrial readjustment which, in England at least, is not yet completed. The first radical adaptation of unemployment insurance to new conditions was made after the Armistice in the attempt to relieve the unemployment of those who were thrown out of work by the demobilization of the army and navy and of the war industries. By the terms of the well known Out-of-Work Donations Scheme, the unemployment insurance was virtually suspended for a year, from November 1918 to November 1919, and gratuities amounting finally to about $300,000,000 were distributed to millions of claimants for benefits. Although the charges of fraudulent abuse were not sustained, the damage done by the scheme "to the principle and credit of unemployment insurance cannot be doubted. From the donation scheme dates the term 'dole,' indiscriminately applied later to insurance benefits also; from it dates the conception of largess in which all were entitled to share."

After this episode the insurance scheme, limited to three and one-half million employees, again settled down to operate within its original terms. But the respite was of short duration. At the close of 1920 the government, by this time certain of impending depression and general unem-

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ployment, brought under the scheme more than 8,000,000 additional workers. The same industries and employees had in 1916, and again in 1918, when there were still several years of prosperity ahead, successfully resisted all efforts to bring them under the unemployment insurance. As Beveridge puts it, "solid opposition by employers and workpeople engrossed in prosperity and refusing to contemplate the end of the War, kept out all the important trades." The consequences were plain. Before the middle of 1921, the increased payment of benefits had eaten up a surplus of more than $100,000,000 and the Fund was forced to resort to borrowing.

This sudden expansion of the scheme need not by itself have impaired its essential character. At the worst, the inclusion of millions of new workingmen, on the eve of industrial depression, would have involved a readjustment of the rates of contribution and of benefits. But with the persistence of a high rate of unemployment, frequently exceeding 10 percent of the working population, and with the appearance of a substantial number of unemployed, who were able to find no work at all, there began a series of amendments to the scheme which were calculated to weaken, if not to destroy, its insurance features. Under the guise of protecting the solvency of the Fund, the provision permitting individual industries to contract out and carry their own insurance was suspended. In March, 1921, the device of "extended benefits," whereby benefits were given to those who had exhausted their insurance rights to standard benefits, was adopted. The invention of this measure, and its subsequent extension to unlimited periods, meant the virtual suspension of the plan as conceived and enacted in 1911. Under the influence of these novel provisions and the startling increase in unemployment during the past eighteen months, the Fund has inevitably found it more and more difficult to pay its way, and has closed the year 1930 with a debt exceeding the total payment of benefits during the year.

The effect, then, of the multitude of amendments after 1920 was to expose the unemployment-insurance scheme to unlimited liability and to make it in large part an instrument for the distribution of poor relief. By its revised terms it no longer furnishes any incentive to the regularization of business and of employment. There is, indeed, strong reason to believe that it has contributed to instability and to the spread of casual employment. As a result of the suspension of provisions fixing the ratio of benefit payments to contributions, the irregular and disorganized industries have drawn heavily for the benefits upon the contributions of the stable industries. In 1929, Beveridge shows, eight industries employing 1,305,000 persons drew out between them

> practically the same amount as dock, harbor, river and canal service with 171,000 workpeople, while they pay in ten times as much. . . . Over the five years 1924-29 . . . the risk of unemployment in different industries is startlingly unequal—in some industries ten times as much as in others. The employers' and workmen's contributions for insurance amount to little more than a device for taking money from one industry and giving it to another—that is to say, they are a mode of taxation.

For the removal of the abuses that have crept into the English unemployment insurance during the past ten years, Sir William Beveridge would return to the principles of the act of 1911. He would restore insurance by contract and place the burden of relief that is not insurable upon reformed agencies of poor relief. As a step toward the control of industries which thrive on casual labor, he would empower the Minister of Labor to schedule industries which are marked by excessive unemployment, thereby forcing such industries to engage their labor only through an employment exchange and placing upon them the burden of providing their own unemployment relief. The present arrangement, therefore, would be further modified by the creation of a series of compulsory industrial-unemployment funds.

With the fear of fraud and malingering, which has played so prominent a part in the popular American discussion of English insurance, Sir William has little patience. He writes:

> The main danger of the present situation does not lie in the temptation to individual malingering. . . . Through all the transformations of insurance one element endures; one weapon has been added since 1911 to the permanent armory for dealing with distress. Administration of benefits in all its forms—standard, extended, donation—has shown the possibility through a labor-exchange system of controlling direct money assistance of the unemployed sufficiently to prevent any serious abuse. Charges that the dole was helping men to live in idleness when they could get work have been made incessantly in the press, by local authorities, by public men. Whenever they have been investigated, they have been shown to be idle and irresponsible talk.

LEO WOLMAN.

Selma Lagerlöf

The Ring of the Löwenskölds, by Selma Lagerlöf. Translated by Francesca Martin and Velma Swanston Howard. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. $3.

THE THREE novels that make up "The Ring of the Löwenskölds" are held together by a common element of ghostly revenge—a device that seems superfluous, incidentally, for Selma Lagerlöf's analysis of her characters' motives is convincing enough without it. In "The General's Ring," a grave is opened and a ring stolen, and, for the next century, the general's curse, or the curse of his victims, hangs over the members of his family. "The General's Ring" tells the story of the stolen ring and the subsequent disasters; "Charlotte Löwensköld" tells of the frustrated love affairs of Charlotte and the religious fanatic Karl Arthur, both distantly related to the old general. In his anger and disillusionment, Karl Arthur leaves his betrothed to propose marriage to the first woman, as he says, God sends to cross his path, and this girl is the peasant Anna Svärd, whose bewilderment and humility form the substance of the last—and finest—novel of the three. The significance of the ring is never made clear, and the motivation in the last two stories is so entirely human that one is led to believe that the supernatural is employed, not as a formal device for holding the stories together, but as a justification, as though the author felt compelled to offer an apology for the meanness, selfishness and occasional cruelty of her characters.

Even so the ring is unnecessary, for if there is one obvious fact about Selma Lagerlöf's writing it is that she bears her characters no grudge. On the contrary, even Karl Arthur, the hypocritical, self-righteous clergyman, receives the same kindly, almost protective analysis that Charlotte and Anna receive as heroines. These three por-

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traits are remarkable, and much of their strength seems to arise from a sense of justice which often forces their creator to reëxamine the sources of some action she was nearly ready to dismiss as good or bad, base or noble. The care employed in the composition of Karl Arthur is almost submerged; but his development from the student who begged his mother's forgiveness for a rudeness, because he felt that without it he would fail in his examination, to the man who deserted his wife to follow God, is portrayed exhaustively and judiciously.

Wandering over the course of a century, the book is inevitably diffuse. Several chapters back, it occasionally appears, a stone was left overturned, so that it is now necessary to investigate this forgotten circumstance. But the stories as a whole are compact and dramatic, even though the most melodramatic incidents are diluted with the author's Scandinavian serenity. Everything that can be reasonably asked of fiction is here, and in this age of experiment in prose it seems somehow noteworthy that writing so simple, lucid and effortless appears quaint, and at times even dull.

ROBERT CANTWELL.

Career Men in Diplomacy

Henry White: Thirty Years of American Diplomacy, by Allan Nevins. New York: Harper and Brothers. 518 pages. $5.

Undiplomatic Memories, by William Franklin Sands. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Company. 238 pages. $3.

HENRY WHITE was and remains the chief example of an American who followed diplomacy as a career. He came on the scene at the time when the United States entered the sphere of world politics with interests wider than those represented by the Monroe Doctrine, and when the need of men trained in the precedents and practices of international comity was first felt. He had the advantage of birth in the class corresponding to that which in European countries was by heredity accustomed to the direction of foreign affairs, and by personal association he was in a position to deal with the representatives of other nations on the basis of understanding and intimacy which constitutes the social substructure of European diplomacy. The men whom he met recognized him as one of themselves, one who knew the code and would keep it. Mr. Nevins' biography shows how constantly his government relied on him for information which could be obtained only through unofficial channels, and for interpretation and advice based on knowledge which circulates only in the privacy of personal conversation. In this respect White was immeasurably more effective than his contemporaries who represented America abroad, the lame ducks who were provided with foreign missions as consolation prizes, or the financial angels who received ambassadorships in return for contributions to campaign funds. His career is in striking contrast to that of Walter Hines Page, who also essayed a personal diplomacy, but so maladroitly that he was freely used by his hosts to defeat the policy of his government, and whose dispatches were finally left unopened by his chief at Washington. Moreover, by birth and training, White had an instinctive sense for manners, and by long practice came to be familiar with the ceremonial and ritual of diplomatic intercourse, with conventions and precedents the observance of which means much in negotiation. It is clear why, during his long tenure of the first secretaryship of the American legation in London, a succession of ambassadors, Phelps, Lincoln, Hay, Choate, put themselves into his hands as an expert's, why Roosevelt chose him to represent the United States in the international conference at Algeciras, and why Wilson selected him as a member of the American delegation to the Peace Congress at Paris. Mr. Nevins' account of his career is the strongest argument for giving diplomacy the dignity and permanence of a profession.

Henry White was born in 1850 in Maryland, of a family which sympathized with the South in the Civil War. This circumstance had an important bearing on his career in that it led to a kind of expatriation, by virtue of which a varied experience of European travel and tutors was substituted in his case for the conventional American college course. He knew London, Paris and Rome before he knew New York and Washington. In country residence and the hunting field he gained the freedom of English society and established the friendships which were later to be of such value to him. Between 1880, when he decided on a diplomatic career, and 1883, he was cultivating his connections with American political leaders who could help him to an appointment. This came in the form of a secretaryship to the legation at Vienna under Alphonso Taft, which he exchanged after some months for the second secretaryship at London under Lowell. Two years later he became first secretary. As quasi-permanent official and sometimes *chargé d'affaires*, he was the most important figure in Anglo-American relations during many years; and meanwhile his position as a member of London society on his own account was established. He was sacrificed to political exigencies in Cleveland's second term, but at the time of the Venezuela imbroglio he was sent back to London on a semiofficial mission to explain privately the American point of view to Lord Salisbury's government, with nearly all the leading members of which he was personally on friendly terms. He returned to his old position under McKinley, with John Hay as Ambassador. When Hay became Secretary of State, he found White an able lieutenant in his policy of Anglo-American coöperation, especially in respect to the open door in China, for the establishing of which difficulties with Canada over the Alaskan boundary and various fishing rights had to be settled, as well as the ownership of the Panama Canal. To two circles of intimacy White owed much of his success in personal diplomacy, to "the Souls," of which Balfour, Asquith and Haldane were members, and to the cenacle in Washington which included Hay, Henry Adams, Roosevelt and Lodge.

Roosevelt was responsible for a new orientation of American foreign policy, the consequences of which were only dimly foreseen. The participation in Far Eastern questions, which made him the natural peacemaker between Japan and Russia, led inevitably to a closer relation with European peace. At the beginning of his second term Roosevelt appointed White Ambassador to Italy, and sent him as the American representative to the Conference in regard to Morocco, assembled at Algeciras in 1906.

The Conference was in effect a rehearsal to test the strength of the European combinations, the Triple Alliance and the Anglo-French-Russian Entente. The United States had no interest in it except the general one of keeping the peace, but it was a matter of moment to both groups to discover with which it would align itself. White seems to have interpreted his role of conciliation perfectly, and through his knowledge of diplomatic forms and ceremonial to have carried it out with entire correctness. There is an unconscious tribute to his powers in Mr. Harold Nicolson's contemptuous reference in his "Portrait of a Dip-

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lomatist": "Mr. Henry White was conciliatory, ignorant and charming. Mr. White was so full of charm that there was room for little else."

Apparently Sir Arthur Nicolson, who represented Great Britain at the Conference, expected White's intervention to modify the French demands which he (Nicolson) was bound to support in full. White was obviously ignorant of this, as he was ignorant of the consequences to flow from the diplomatic defeat of Germany, which convinced her of the strength of the encirclement policy aimed against her and produced the state of mind which contributed to the World War. Undoubtedly White was influenced by the ties between American and British diplomacy, which he had had a part in forming, to take the French side in the Conference. To overcome the final obstacles to agreement, he advised Roosevelt to use his influence directly with the Kaiser. Mr. Nevins says candidly: "The French with Roosevelt's support and thanks in part to White's timely outline of a proper plan of settlement, thus scored a victory much greater, beyond doubt, than Roosevelt realized or intended."

White was rewarded by Roosevelt with the ambassadorship to France, from which he was displaced by Taft. Thenceforth he was out of service until he was selected as a member of the delegation to the Peace Conference at Paris in 1918. The War was a personal grief to White in that his daughter had married a German, Count Scherr-Thoss. On account of this connection he was subjected to the ridiculous espionage of the government. His sympathies throughout were naturally with the Entente, and he recognized the entrance of the United States as inevitable, but his views were never fanatical, and in common with most sensible people he approved of Lord Lansdowne's proposal of peace without victory in 1917. In the Peace Conference his record seems to be unimpeachable. He approved of Wilson's going to Paris at the outset, but was opposed to his return thither, and especially regretted his segregation from the other members of the delegation in the so-called Council of Four, where he became an easy prey to Lloyd George and Clemenceau. He regretted Wilson's decisions in regard to the South Tyrol, Shantung, Smyrna, the Polish frontiers and the undetermined bill of reparations, and approved his stand on Fiume. On the whole, he gives a sympathetic account of Wilson, crediting him with a sincere desire to keep the country out of war and to preserve its honor in the peace, though he admits his failure at Paris, owing to irremediable defects—inability to deal with men, no sense of team work and subjection to a single idea. Of his colleagues Bliss and Lansing he came to have a high opinion; but his view of House is unfavorable. Here he shows the contempt of the professional for an amateur in the field of personal diplomacy for which he had not the background, training or personality. He holds House's "upstairs" intrigues with representatives of various powers responsible for their recalcitrance and the failure of the American program at Paris.

"Failed" is the word which White used, though Mr. Nevins explains that he meant only "failure to achieve full success." That it was failure in a diplomatic sense White certainly recognized. He knew that the United States occupied a very strong position at Paris, and that power, which should have been used for the welfare of the world, was muddled away. Still keener, however, was White's disappointment and chagrin at subsequent proceedings in Washington. During the negotiations at Paris he had constantly an eye upon the treaty-making power of the Senate. As the single Republican member of the delegation he felt it his duty to keep his party leaders informed of the situation. He was in constant and intimate correspondence with his old friend Henry Cabot Lodge, chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs; and the letters on both sides are of the greatest importance in threading the maze of tangled relations and cross purposes which led to the rejection of the Treaty of Versailles by the Senate, March 19, 1920.

After his return from Paris, White devoted his best efforts to obtaining the ratification of the Treaty. The blame for its failure he divides between the bitter-enders and the Democratic Senators led by Hitchcock, who refused to vote for the Treaty with reservations and thus submit it to Wilson's final decision. The blundering ineptitude of the whole proceeding was a humiliation to White's sense of diplomatic decency. He wrote: "It is really monstrous that they [the Senate and the President] should be holding up here the peace of the world when four of the Great Powers have already ratified." To his mind, formed by diplomacy, the fact that the Treaty violated the terms on which the general cessation of hostilities had been agreed upon between Germany and the United States seems never to have occurred—but apparently it occurred to no one else concerned in the matter.

"Undiplomatic Memories," in its informal, rambling reminiscence, is in marked contrast to Mr. Nevins' beautifully finished biography. Mr. Sands was, like Henry White, a career man, appointed a junior in the legation to Japan by Cleveland in pursuance of his plan to recruit a trained diplomatic force, during the same administration in which he removed Henry White from London. He was thrown out by McKinley, who reappointed White, but received an appointment as Secretary to the Legation to Korea, which no one else wanted, resigning to become adviser to the Emperor. He gives an alluring picture of life in the hermit country, and an amusing account of his efforts to bolster up the declining fortunes of the native regime, amid palace intrigues and foreign aggressions. Mr. Sands was in an excellent position to write the history of the steps by which Japan obtained possession of the country, in spite of treaties with the powers, and especially with the United States, by which its independence was guaranteed as solemnly as that of Belgium, but this book is still to be written.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Book Notes

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS

COSIMA WAGNER, by Richard du Moulin-Eckart. *New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 2 vols. 901 pages. $10.*

The author of this massive biography of Liszt's great daughter up to the time of Wagner's death, has had complete access to her diaries and letters. Interesting and illuminating as what he gives us is, it remains a trifle too much the transcription of Cosima's own vision of her career to be broadly satisfactory. Count Richard du Moulin-Eckart is most chivalrous; he wears the lady's sleeve in perfect gallantry; but he leaves room for the comedy to be written on the members of the Wagnerian circle, extraordinary both in their idealism and powers, and in their narrowness and capacity for self-deception.

LETTERS OF HANS VON BUELOW, with an introduction by Richard du Moulin-Eckart. *New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 440 pages. $7.50.*

In 1921, the editor of this collection of letters called on d'Annunzio at the villa officially assigned to him at Gardone di Sopra, and asked for a package of correspondence deposited there. The

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Italian graciously surrendered it, thus providing the basis for the present volume. For his villa had been sequestrated during the War from Daniela von Bülow, elder daughter of Hans von Bülow and Cosima Wagner; and the correspondence was letters to the lady of the house from her famous father. Edited with others to Wagner, Klindworth, Cosima, and Bülow's partner Bechstein, they now form a volume of greatest benefit to all diverted by the brilliant Hamlet among the musicians.

LEWIS HENRY MORGAN, Social Evolutionist, by Bernhard J. Stern. *University of Chicago Press. 221 pages. $2.50.*

The attitude of the pure scientist, at once judicious and sympathetic, informs this critico-biographical study of the author of "Ancient Society." Morgan's fruitful intellect could never quite swing clear of the social and religious straitjacket imposed upon it by a New England training. He ignored the theological implications of his own researches, and denounced the skepticism of men like Herbert Spencer, whose work he must necessarily have endorsed. Except when he was defending the Indians, his humane political perceptions were clouded by allegiance to a moneyed class. In the attempt to explain the development of his anthropological theories, Mr. Stern—himself a noted anthropologist—has made use of hitherto unconsulted manuscripts. The importance of Morgan's contribution is estimated to be that of the pioneer.

QUEEN CAROLINE, by Sir Edward Parry. *New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 353 pages. $6.*

Those who enjoy rereading Miss Agnes Strickland's "Lives of the Queens of England" will undoubtedly find much to interest them in Sir Edward Parry's volume. Since Queen Caroline is remembered chiefly for her inability to live happily with George IV, the present biography deals exhaustively with the details of the famous trial in which she defended her name against the charges of adultery brought forward by her royal husband. Although Sir Edward valiantly pleads the cause of a princess, queen and lady in distress, one is not moved to tears or even to lukewarm sympathy. There can be no doubt that George framed charges against his queen, but there is plenty of evidence to show that the lady was something of a fool and notoriously indiscreet.

Travel and Adventure

DARK TRAILS, by George K. Cherrie. *New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 322 pages. $5.*

All his life George K. Cherrie has been a wanderer in jungles: his autobiography is therefore rambling and sylvestrian. Above his tangled thickets of style and arrangement, one glimpses high mountain peaks of adventure—the highest of which, to the author if not to the reader, is the Brazilian expedition with Colonel Roosevelt.

THE HALF WAY SUN, by R. F. Barton. *New York: Brewer and Warren. 309 pages, illustrated. $5.*

Mr. Barton, an American school teacher among the primitive mountain tribes in the north of Luzon, the main island of the Philippines, had remarkable opportunities for observing one of the most interesting of surviving primitive races. His observations are accurate enough to make his book a good piece of descriptive anthropology; and his writing is clear and forceful enough to make it a fascinating book for anybody's reading.

THE MONGOLIAN HORDE, by Roland Strasser. *Translated by R. T. K. New York: Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. 347 pages, illustrated. $3.*

Mr. Strasser had the misfortune to do his traveling during the turmoil of the establishment of a Soviet republic in Mongolia, shortly after an invasion of contiguous areas of North China by Chang Tso-lin's bandit army. His record carries over the hysteria of his gruesome adventures, and has the documentary value of an eye-witness account. The hysteria, however, is also carried over into his comments, and subsequent history has been derisive toward his principal judgments. His drawings, a vigorous presentation of Mongolian types and ceremonies, are much better than the text.

Fiction

FESTIVAL, by Struthers Burt. *New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.*

Although one of Scott Fitzgerald's sad young men has achieved the age and mellow polish of a retired Philadelphia banker, this does not prevent him, apparently, from starting out all over again in search of the meaning of life and of himself. Nor does the fact that the book is carefully and earnestly written and as well bred as can possibly be, save it from the consequences of trite observation and triter generalization.

THE LION'S DEN, by Janet Ayer Fairbank. *Indianapolis: The Bobbs Merrill Company. $2.50.*

The political novel is of two kinds, according to whether it gives more emphasis to measures or to men. In Disraeli's "Coningsby" and "Sybil," fundamental conceptions of social control set the theme, and the characters are only means of dramatizing it. In Trollope's "Phineas Finn" series, the personal fortunes of the hero are the story, and politics is merely the field of his struggle. In view of the sterility of American politics, it is natural to find the American political novel following Trollope. The Daniel of Mrs. Fairbank's novel might have found himself in other dens, among other lions, fighting over other bones, and taken the same way out. Den, lions and bones, however, provide materials for fiction, comparatively little used and certainly interesting. The political scene in Washington may be compared in its greater sophistication with the primitive simplicity of that in Henry Adams' "Democracy," a half-century ago. In her fiction and her politics, Mrs. Fairbank is adroit and informed, and her book is a novel in the literal sense.

OUR GODS ARE NOT BORN, by Charles R. Walker. *New York: Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $2.*

If Mr. Walker is not entirely successful in accomplishing what he set out to accomplish, it is largely because he tries to squeeze a big and sprawling theme into a vehicle with as artificial and limited a seating capacity as a baby carriage. In these nine short stories he is forced to compress his material to such a degree that one is not always sure what he is driving at, although the stories do, in their totality, convey a sense of the tremendous emotional force that is lying in choate and inert in America today. "The Murderer," which is the longest, also seems the best of the lot.

Contributors

John B. Hudson, J. L. Eschrich, Marquis W. Childs, Clarence E. Cason and Fletcher Chenault, who in the present number of The New Republic have contributed field reports on the drought situation in their respective regions, are newspapermen and an educator. Mr. Hudson is manager of the Mississippi bureau of The New Orleans Times-Picayune; Mr. Eschrich is on the staff of The Louisville Courier-Journal; Mr. Childs is on The St. Louis Post-Dispatch; Mr. Cason teaches at the University of Alabama; and Mr. Chenault is on the staff of The Arkansas Gazette, published in Little Rock.

Gilbert Seldes, critic, novelist, translator and dramatist, is too well known to New Republic readers to need an introduction here.

Leo Wolman is head of the research department of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers and a member of the staff of the National Bureau of Economic Research. He is the director of the New York Clothing Unemployment Fund and the author of articles on unemployment insurance.

Robert Cantwell is a contributor to the forthcoming "American Caravan." His first novel is to be published by Farrar and Rinehart next fall.

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